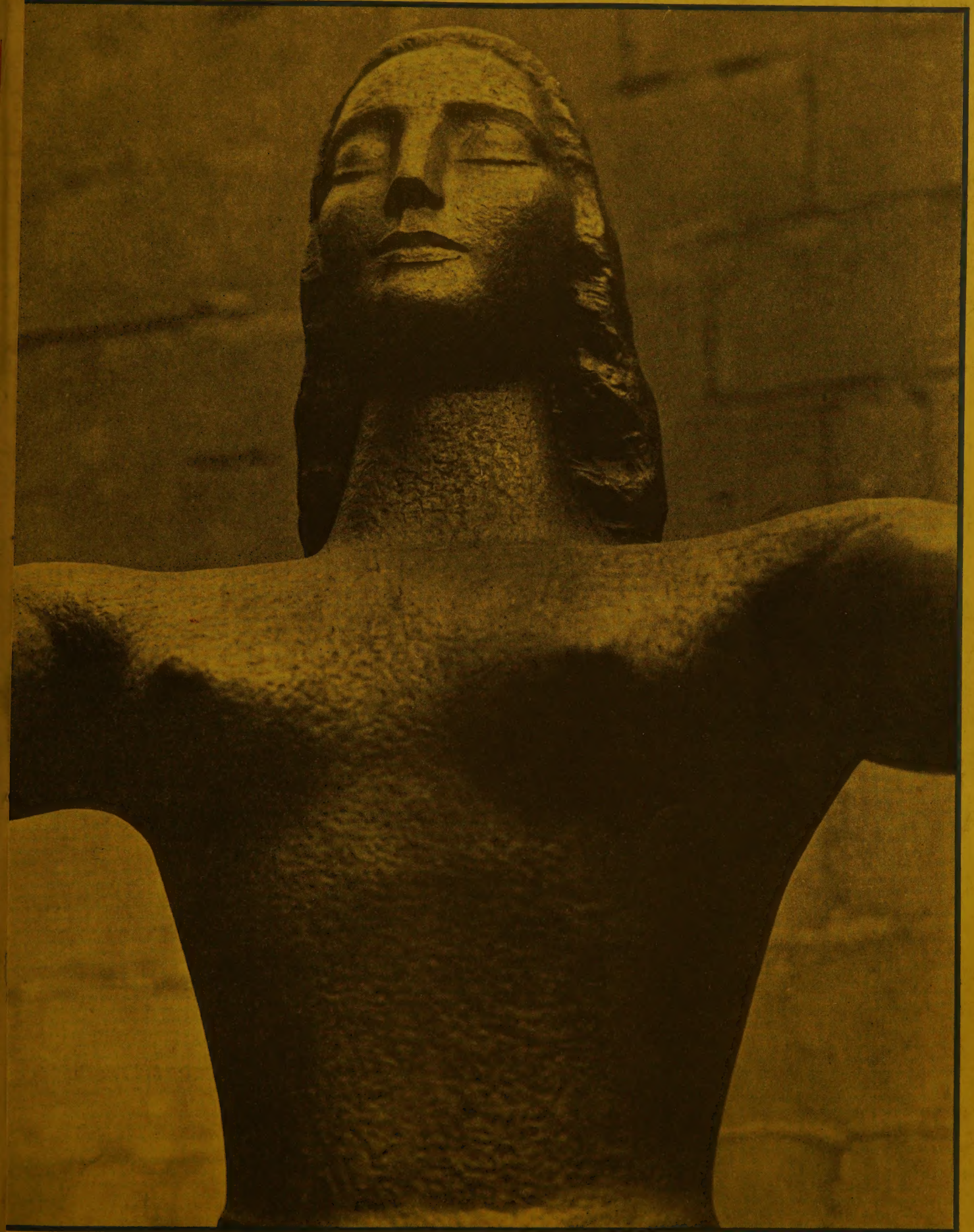


MAGAZINE OF ART



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MAGAZINE OF ART

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VOLUME 31

NUMBER 9

SEPTEMBER, 1938

| | |
|--|-------|
| Romuald Kraus: Detail of "Justice" (Bronze) | Cover |
| <i>Courtesy of the Treasury Department Art Projects</i> | |
| Albert Pinkham Ryder. By Sadakichi Hartmann | 500 |
| Sakkarah. By J.-P. Lauer | 504 |
| <i>The Step Pyramid and King Zoser's Monuments</i> | |
| Hollywood's Music. By Robert Pollak | 512 |
| New Ways to Gauguin. By Clemens Sommer | 514 |
| Romuald Kraus's "Justice." By Inslee A. Hopper | 522 |
| "Art for the Public." By Albert TenEyck Gardner | 526 |
| <i>Chicago's Federal Art Project as Shown at the Art Institute</i> | |
| The Summer Exhibitions | 534 |
| <i>The Massachusetts Coast. By Dorothy Adlow</i> | |
| <i>The Woodstock Annual. By Ernest Brace</i> | |
| <i>"West of the Mississippi." By Archie Musick</i> | |
| Activity | 540 |
| <i>News of Federation Chapters and of the Several Arts</i> | |
| New Books on Art | 542 |
| Letters | 545 |
| September Exhibitions | 552 |
| <i>A National List</i> | |

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

BARR BUILDING · WASHINGTON

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Postage included in the United States and possessions. Canadian postage 50 cents extra, and to foreign countries, \$1.00 extra. The Magazine is mailed to all chapters and members, a part of each annual fee being credited as a subscription. Entered as second-class matter October 4, 1921, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., and at the Post Office at Baltimore, Md., under the act of March 3, 1879. Title Trade Mark Registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Copyright 1938 by The American Federation of Arts. All rights reserved. All manuscripts should be sent to the Editor, Magazine of Art, Barr Building, Washington, D. C. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes, to insure return in case material is not used. The Editors cannot assume responsibility for the return of any unsolicited material. PREVIOUS ISSUES LISTED IN "ART INDEX" AND "THE READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE"

THIS MONTH

A knowledge of Ryder and his work formed over a period of twenty-three years makes **Sadakichi Hartmann's** article this month unusually pertinent. Mr. Hartmann now lives in California.

In writing about the discoveries at Sakkarah, Monsieur **J.-P. Lauer** discusses matters which he knows well. He is *Architecte du Service des Antiquités* stationed at Sakkarah for a number of years.

Robert Pollak, music critic of the *Chicago Times*, will be recalled by readers as the author of the article on George Gershwin published in September, 1937, and the article on Jean Sibelius published last January.

Dr. Clemens Sommer is a new arrival in the United States. He comes with a doctorate in art history from the University of Freiburg, many years experience in scholarship and teaching. His formal record, as he says, does not reveal much about modern art, "which has always been more my private hobby." During his connection with the Augustiner Museum, Freiburg, he used to arrange exhibitions of modern South German art; and as a teacher he always tried to encourage modern art and art theory. His interest in Gauguin is understandable.

From the time he studied in the fine arts courses of Professor Morey at Princeton, through his days on the staff of *Arts Weekly*, travels in Europe or on the Pacific, labors on the staff of the Treasury Department's Section of Painting and Sculpture, **Inslee A. Hopper** has been keenly interested in sculpture and the place of the sculptor in our world of today.

Albert TenEyck Gardner has been on the staff of the Fogg Museum, Cambridge, is now assisting Mr. Langdon Warner in his work in connection with the Pacific Basin show at the Golden Gate International Exposition. On his way to San Francisco Mr. Gardner stopped over in Chicago and saw the exhibition he writes about this month.

FORTHCOMING

NEXT MONTH AND AFTER

WORLD CITIZENSHIP AND ART

A penetrating article which indicates in which ways the arts are international and in which ways not will appear in an early issue. Its author is Dr. Thomas Munro who directs the educational work of the Cleveland Museum of Art and is Chairman of the Division of Art at Western Reserve University. The article was presented as a speech at the last convention of the National Education Association. It is a statement of sufficient importance to demand the comparative permanence of magazine publication—and a wider audience.

MORE AMERICANS

On the way are many articles on American artists all of whom are too little known. There are many of them, young and middle-aged, doing excellent work in sculpture, painting, and the graphic arts. They merit the recognition which the Magazine can give them; readers of the Magazine should know what they are doing. These articles will be compact, factual and selectively illustrated. They will be based on information coming direct from the artists themselves: biographical data, opinions, convictions. They will evidence full collaboration between the artists treated and those who write the articles. They will also avoid the suspicion of flattery which frequently detracts from the kind of essay which gives unstinted praise. But these articles will not conflict with the fuller evaluations by qualified critics of better established artists already a feature of the Magazine. They will simply give a more adequately full picture of the sometimes unsuspected excellence of what American artists from all parts of the country are doing today.

AND BESIDES . . .

Alfred Frankenstein's article on the water colors of Tom Craig; Dr. Adolph Goldschmidt's article on certain illuminated manuscripts in the Morgan Library; and in the October issue, "Seeing the Shows" resumes for the season.

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RYDER: "THE TEMPLE OF THE MIND." COLLECTION OF THE ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY, BUFFALO

ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

BY SADAKICHI HARTMANN

TO CONQUER sheer beauty out of the simplest forms, that was Ryder's aim, absolutely and fanatically so. To paint moonlight as no one had done before or ever attempted to do, to switch on a flood of fantastic light in a chaos of broken pigments—that was his dream which became an obsession, bizarre, uncontrollable and lugubriously violent in later years. Still, this very obsession made him a true child of his time.

The problem of light and air also became his main concern. He took no part, however, in the great fight for a new color technique, Impressionism, and never worried overmuch about professional contentions as to whether open air or studio lighting was preferable.

He looked about for a greater truth, the expression of some individually felt poetical atmosphere. I do not recall that

Ryder ever painted sunsets or any special hour of the day. He began with daylight scenes, tried himself in noonday calm, in stormy skies and the sea, and thereupon lost himself more and more in his own dreamland, season-less and timeless. He came slowly to prefer moonlight.

I have seen at rare occasions, furnished by nature, moonlight skies like those Ryder painted, but they were never as simple and as intense in effect. His dark storm-clouds, big irregular shapes with soft and indistinct edges, almost melt into the lighted sky, which in turn envelops and floods the entire picture area with such brightness that it seems as if the painter desired the canvas to be *self-radiant*. Surely a vain alchemistic task!

Ryder abandoned early the completion of outline; his lines are not merely blurred, *enveloppé*, but almost lost. The picture area is divided into large distinct masses, eliminating detail of either very dark or very luminous color combinations, placed in direct juxtaposition (without much gradation) and mutually intensifying each other, with a result of liquid dazzle and outflowing splendor. The Ryder light seems to move, ripple around objects and seep from them. And what are the

colors that accomplish this? Is it a tonality of green, yellow brown, warm gold or amber, rose-colored, opaline or cold cerulean blue? In Norway moonlight may be one thing and in Algiers absolutely another. Is it not, rather, some elusive "pearl-glint or shell-tint," cobweb grey with prismatic morning dew, indiscernible and nameless, such as Ryder makes it?

And his ghostly cloud shapes! They are like slabs of dark green malachite, bluish-black tourmaline—or they run into amethyst tints, purple, violet—no, they rather make us think of grey agate, sombre, dull and mottled and yet translucent. Despite being rich in constituents, Ryder's color scale impresses one as being almost monotone. What did he do to muffle every distinct color sensation? His palette embraced colors from orange to blue with white and grey added. His dark planes ranged from green (to purple) to blue, strengthened with black and blurred with brown. Red was strangely missing. No doubt he used it but it never survived in a pronounced way, nor in fact, did any of his colors. They all became smeared up into undefinable mixtures that made up his light and dark divisions of tone. What bitter torments and what curiously twisted ecstasies must have moved through



RYDER: "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN." NATIONAL COLLECTION OF FINE ARTS, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

the undergrowth of his emotions in reducing the original color splendor to gloom, and then to revivify the same with vivid points.

. . .

I KNEW Ryder for twenty-three years. Hardly a year passed that I did not call on him two or three times, and there were periods when I called on him every two weeks or so. I enjoyed my visits and I considered them a sort of self-ordained duty. He called on me at my studio only once and mostly as a matter of courtesy, I believe, after I had written an article about him for the old *Art News* (1897).

I wish I could convey to you how the man looked. His general features resembled those of Rodin's *Legros* and Hans Thoma (another dreamer) in his portrait of himself. But why attempt the futile task of describing his visage in words. He should have been painted by Lenbach, Bonnat or Watts. I know of no portrait by any of his contemporaries except one by Alden Weir, plainly realistic, and another by Kenneth Hayes Miller, elongated à la Greco.

Still, the way I remember him is in an unrecorded likeness for which he posed one summer afternoon when I saw him standing at the curb in a crowded section of New York, a forlorn figure staring passionately and persistently up into the sky. With hands in his coat pockets, craning his neck, he looked straight above him as a stargazer at night might do. I watched him for quite a while and when at last I stepped up and greeted him he said, as a sort of apology: "Kind of beautiful skies this time of year!" and continued his observation.

And Ryder was a pleasant man to talk to. Although somewhat inaccessible and aloof from chatter and social diversions, always pottering about, absent-mindedly half the time, he was genial, easy to get along with and a good listener. He would have a mild remark to make about this or that, but his utterances seemed to be devoid of enthusiasm. That quality he reserved for his work. For his brother artists he found astonishingly few words of praise; he was too self-centered to bother much about their carryings-on. As the years rolled by, although he did not exactly avoid people, he seemed to begrudge every moment taken from his work. He lived more and more alone in his own world—and a strange world it was.

Ryder was surely no stickler for material comforts. I have seen many artists live in an enchanted circle, dirt and disorder having taken possession of the corners, but never one who managed to have things as cluttered up as this man. It reminded me of Walt Whitman's study which, however, had the merit of cleanliness. Ryder's place was like a neglected storage room, filled with discarded, broken furniture, trunks, suitcases, boxes of every kind and size, gunny sacks and rags, a scuttle and a cider keg amidst bundles of clothing, stacks of old canvases, crowded to such an extent that the merest trail led from the entrance door to his easel near a window and from there into the adjoining hall room.

It was like a miniature city, a congested part of the business section, with roofs of various heights and canyon-like alleyways below, every crevice filled with some kind of truck—stretchers, sketch pads, old shoes, laundry packages unopened,

RYDER: "MOONLIGHT MARINE." IN THE RYERSON COLLECTION OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO





RYDER: "THE RACE TRACK" OR "DEATH ON A PALE HORSE." COLLECTION OF THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART

chunks of coal, kindling wood, a gas range, piles of magazines and newspapers. And the top surfaces—the roofs—were littered with an indescribable accumulation: rows of cereal boxes, tin cans, match boxes, stacks of milk bottle tops, heaps of twine and cord nicely tied up, loose change, wire, spools of thread, plaster casts, lamps out of commission, candlesticks, all sorts of bottles, an assembly of oil color tubes, twisted, half-squeezed, dried up, not to mention hardened brushes. All this debris was buried under the dust-patina of years; on the nose and brows of a plaster cast of Voltaire, in the center of the mantelpiece, a layer of black dust, at least an eighth of an inch thick, had settled, and this is a lenient estimate.

In these narrow confines Ryder lived and loafed, wielded the brush, slept, cooked many of his meals, received visitors and even bathed. I once had to wait half an hour before he managed to clear deck and we kept up a conversation through the door standing slightly ajar. Whenever a lady visitor came a spirit of chivalry awoke in him; he would produce from somewhere a fringed rug, spread it out before the solitary armchair and clear seat and arms of accumulations by the simple process of brushing them to the floor. What made it worse was that everything was marked with the peculiarities of his technique. Lumpy drippings of oil paint and varnish, half-dry

or hardened, clung to every object and gummed the floor where it was still visible. I do not know where or how he usually slept, but many a night he would lie down on the floor. As he had seven overcoats, no doubt the relics of a lifetime, he would simply flop down on some of them and according to temperature cover himself with two or three others.

• • •

RYDER NEVER seemed to be in actual want of money so that lack of it would hinder him from working. Still, he had little enough to depend upon. I remember him complaining several times, naively with the wide-eyed simplicity of a child: "It isn't quite fair that people should come and ask me for money." Nevertheless he had enough to take better care of himself than he did. I suppose he often did not feel like going to restaurants and so took a bite in the studio whenever he wished. He offered me a glass of buttermilk or some dried peaches on various occasions and at most unusual hours. His more complicated culinary experiments were enough to make one smile through tears.

As he was growing older things were getting worse and not only in respect to his eccentric eating habits. Once on a hot summer day I found him busy nursing a fire in his grate. Why? I asked, to which he replied: "It is nice to have a fire on a day

(Continued on page 550)

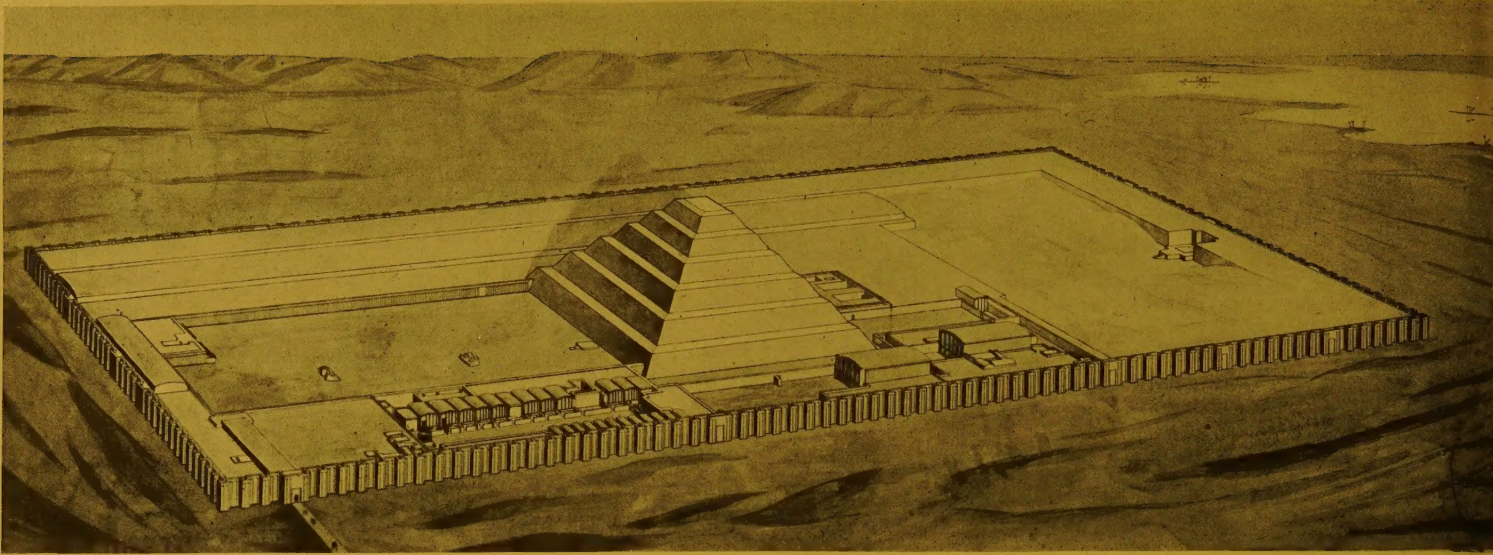


Fig. 1. Reconstruction of the Step Pyramid and King Zoser's Monuments

SAKKARAH:

STEP PYRAMID AND KING ZOSER'S MONUMENTS

BY J.-P. LAUER

ABOUT TWELVE and a half miles south of Cairo, on the left bank of the Nile looking toward the site where ancient Memphis stood, lies in the desert a vast necropolis called Sakkarah from the name of a village nearby. King Zoser, probable founder of the Third Dynasty, was entombed here about five thousand years ago at the foot of the oldest of the pyramids, the Step Pyramid. In 1924, the late C. M. Firth began for the Service des Antiquités d'Egypte, excavations which he conducted until two years ago and which have yielded the most remarkable archeological discoveries of recent times.

The monuments at Sakkarah, designed for the funerary cult of King Zoser, are of great significance to the history of art and of civilization. They cover an area of about thirty-seven acres and were at one time enclosed by a magnificent bastioned wall more than thirty feet high and nearly one and a third miles in circumference (fig. 1). A considerable portion of the wall (fig. 2) still remains. This vast rectangular enclosure possessed only one entrance, although, scattered along its four walls, there were fourteen impenetrable false doors. Doors simulated in stone are in fact one of the curiosities of the place; represented as closed, open, half-open, there are a hundred in all, where exists no single usable door of wood. The mere likeness of a door, probably endowed with symbolic meaning, was sufficient for the soul of the dead.

Since earlier Egyptian buildings surviving today were all made of unbaked brick, the monuments of King Zoser are the oldest stone architecture in existence. This discovery was indeed a revelation. It is true that early Egyptian tradition attributed to the deity Imhotep—minister, physician and architect to King Zoser, and the prototype of the Greek Aesculapius—the invention of stone building. But who could have guessed the existence of monuments of the beginning of the third millenium—preceding the massive and rugged archi-

tecture of the Great Pyramids and the temple of the Sphinx—architecturally so lofty in conception and so perfectly realized in detail and in which the elements combine with such purity of line?

Imagine, then, Firth's amazement when he came upon the base of a statue (doubtless a portrait of King Zoser) and found inscribed upon it not only the name of the king himself, but—remarkable fact—that of his vizier Imhotep as well, followed by this title: "Chancellor to the King of Lower Egypt, highest after the King of Upper Egypt, administrator of the great palace, hereditary noble, grand priest of Heliopolis, Imhotep."

If we approach the several monuments of King Zoser in the order in which we would have visited them in ancient times, we enter the enclosure by the only doorway in the encircling wall. The heavy roof, now fallen, of the hall we stand in was made of blocks of stone rounded underneath to simulate timbers, and was supported by forty fasciculated columns admirably designed in a new style. These columns were built up from pieces of finest limestone, the smallest of which were less than nine inches high—just as in the other monuments except the Pyramid itself, where the blocks are as long as twenty inches. Because it was necessary to reinforce this sort of construction, the columns are coupled together by engaging walls of stone (fig. 3).

In figure 4 you see reconstructed four columns from the little hypostyle hall that marks the end of the colonnade. Rebuilt according to specifications arrived at in long and painstaking study, these columns are at present the oldest in the world now standing.

From the hypostyle room we walk on through an "open" false door into the vast court, surrounded by its saw-tooth wall, which gives access to the Pyramid and the other monu-

ments. But from the colonnade itself a narrow passage parallel to the enclosure wall leads to the temple of the *heb-sed* (a sort of festival, or jubilee, which the dead king could celebrate eternally within his funerary domain). Here are groups of chapels with curved roofs and fluted columns arranged around a large court (fig. 5); and in a smaller adjacent court stands a rectangular sanctuary with stone roof like that of the colonnade, held up by three fluted columns of exquisite line. These columns were also rebuilt—up to the level of their capitals, which like those of the fasciculated columns were probably simple blocks of stone (fig. 7).

It was particularly interesting to find here, more than two thousand years before the Greeks, the sharp-edged fluting so characteristic of the Doric order. But the analogy goes only

so far. The proportions and capitals of the columns at Sak-karah are very different from Doric.

We return now to the colonnade, then to the great court—from which we approach the Pyramid and round its corner toward the east. Near the northeast angle, both facing south, stand the two similar buildings which we shall call “Hall of the North” and “Hall of the South.” Each of these is ornamented with four fluted columns, and two pilasters with vertical ribs doubtless representing bundles of reeds. Between the second and third columns, a door oddly placed off center (fig. 8) leads to a narrow passageway and a little sanctuary where are niches for offerings. The visitor will notice on the passage walls hieratic writings scratched there by other visitors as long ago as the reign of Rameses II (some seven-



Left: Fig. 3. The Entrance Colonnade



Below: Fig. 2. The Enclosing Wall



Fig. 4. The Fasciculated Columns as Reassembled

Fig. 5. Reconstruction of Chapels in the Court of the "Heb-sed"



Fig. 6. Reconstruction of the "Hall of the South"





Fig. 7. The Fluted Columns as Reassembled

Fig. 8. Entrance to the "Hall of the South"





Fig. 9. Papyrus Columns from the Court of the "Hall of the North" as Reassembled

teen hundred years after Zoser) to express the admiration they felt for the beauty and excellent preservation of the monuments.

In each of these buildings the façade is a wall six feet thick of fine limestone so carefully polished as to resemble Grecian marble. This wall, however, conceals a solid mass of limestone of inferior quality which on the other three surfaces again is faced with finer stone.

After systematic study of the fragments still scattered on the ground, we have succeeded in making a theoretical reconstruction of these two monuments. In figure 6, a drawing of the "Hall of the South," note in particular the many drums that make up the columns and which helped us fix their height within a few inches. Notice also the fluted leaves of the capitals, and the several curved stone sections of the cornice.

Against the east wall bounding the principal court of the "Hall of the North" we found still in place the foundations of three engaged columns with triangular shafts. With fragments of the shafts and capitals uncovered in the sand, we succeeded in rebuilding these columns, which were in the form of the papyrus, emblematic plant of the North (fig. 9). On the cor-

responding spot in the court of the "Hall of the South" the same intent was evident, except that here there was only one column, and this with rounded shaft. The capital has unfortunately disappeared, but it was doubtless a lotus, emblem of the South.

Skirting the north wall of the Pyramid we come to the funerary temple proper which abuts it on that side. Although the temple itself is very much in ruins, the original plan is plain enough where the foundations of fluted columns are still standing. At the corner formed by the temple wall and the north wall of the Pyramid, Firth had the good fortune to uncover, still in its *serdab* (a sort of closed chamber built against the Pyramid wall) the painted limestone statue of King Zoser reproduced in figure 10—one of the oldest examples of royal portraiture. The nose unfortunately is broken, and the precious stones that were the eyes have been removed; nevertheless, we see here, particularly in the expression of the face, how far the art of sculpture had developed at this time.

It is interesting to compare this portrait with three others in low relief (fig. 11) from steles in the underground chambers



Fig. 11. Three Portraits of King Zoser in Low Relief from Underground Rooms Adjoining the Tomb



Fig. 10. The Statue of King Zoser

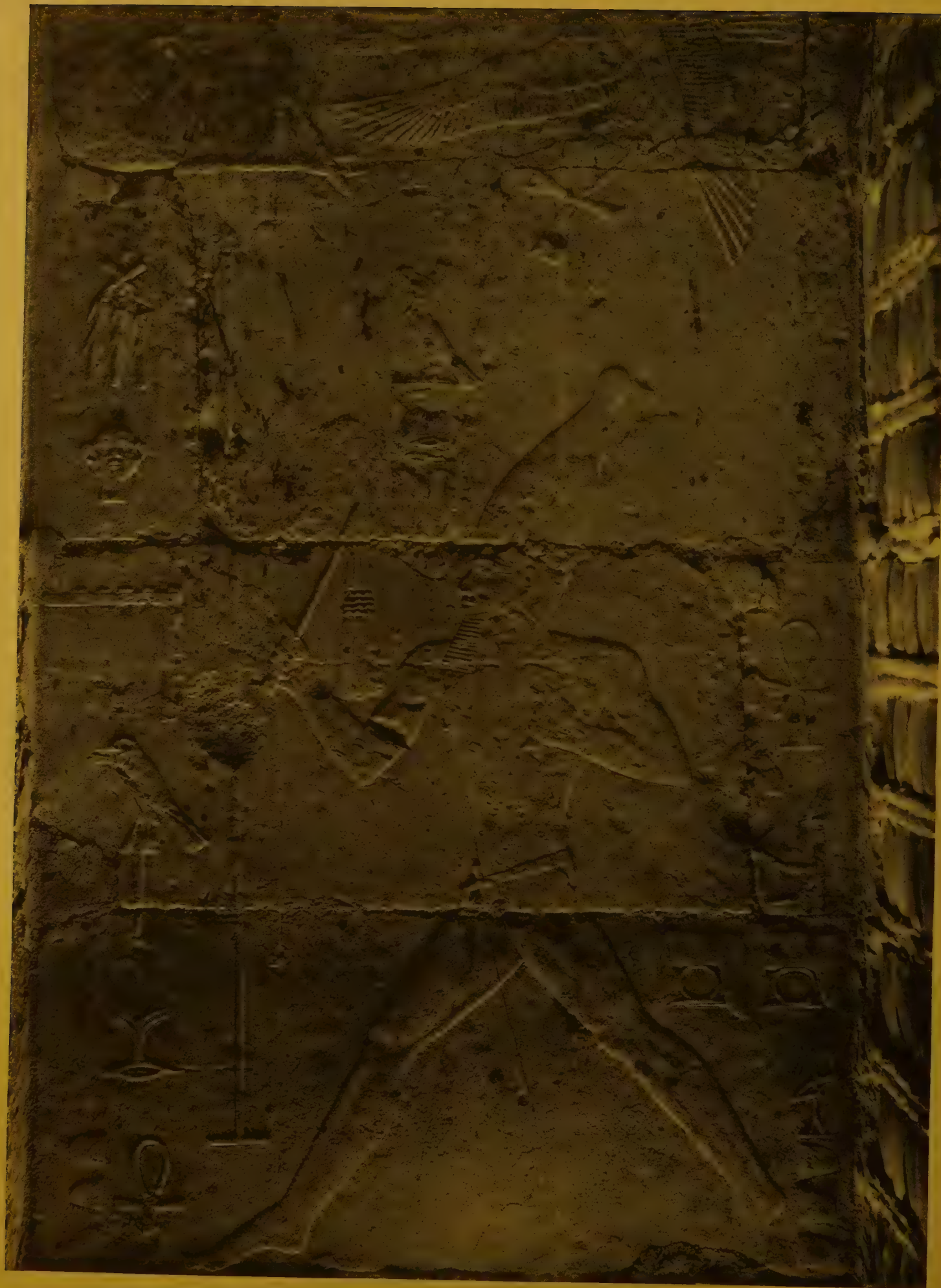


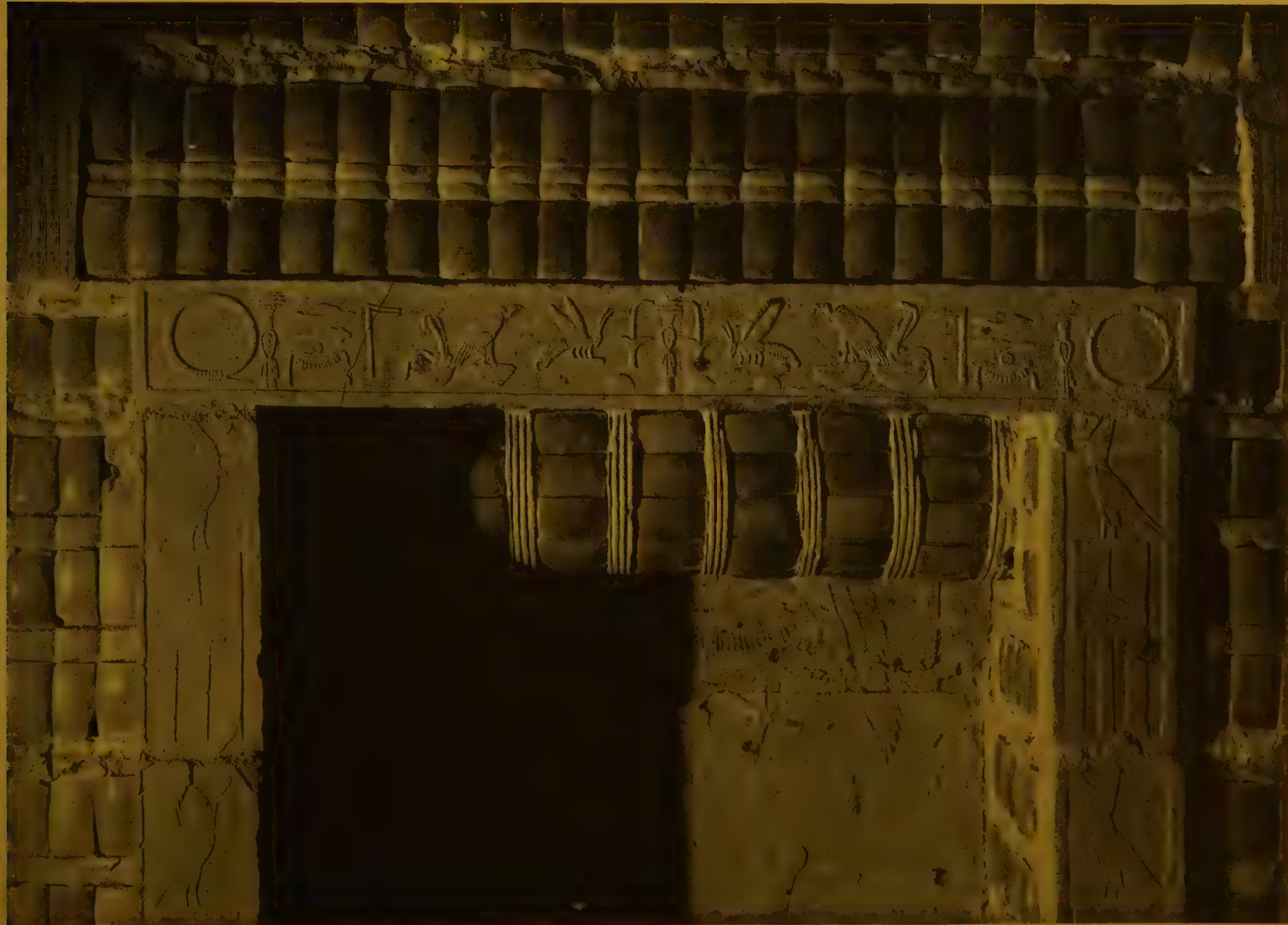
Fig. 12. Stele with Portrait of King Zoser Carved in Low Relief

adjoining the royal tomb. Figures 12 and 13 reproduce two steles in which the king takes part in the hunt or in a ceremonial dance. On one of these, figure 13, there are still traces, very old, of the "squaring off" lines made by explorers of the Pyramid who admired the reliefs and wanted to copy them: an archeological enterprise probably dating back to the Saite Dynasty, six hundred years before Christ!

The framework of one of the steles is reproduced in figure 14. First there is a band of hieroglyphs in light relief, remarkably designed, which spell out the name and title of the king. A decorative border of little plaques (about one-and-a-half by two-and-a-half inches) surrounds the hieroglyphs, made of enamelled blue faience and set into the stone in a pattern like stylized basket-weave.

These, then, are the most extraordinary remains of the group of monuments we owe to the proud magnificence of King Zoser and the genius of his minister, Imhotep. However we admire this architecture, it is important to remember that it borrowed and stylized the forms of wood and brick construction, that it is still imperfectly adapted to the requirements of stone. This fact points ahead to the rapid evolution of architecture in the years following the reign of Zoser, and anticipates the achievement of the builders of the third and fourth dynasties, whose distinction it was to accomplish that fusion of form with material.

Right: Fig. 13. Stele with Portrait of King Zoser Bearing Traces of "Squaring off" Lines. Below: Fig. 14. Framework for Fig. 12



HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC

BY ROBERT POLLAK

THE SCENE is set in the studio restaurant of a big movie company. A director, a producer and a song writer are talking shop while a visiting fireman listens in awestruck silence. The visitor finally plucks up enough courage to suggest that the use of music in the movies must have gone through revolutionary changes since Grace Moore made the memorable *Madame Butterfly* sequence in *One Night of Love*.

His remarks are greeted with contemptuous snorts, and the song writer, one of the brightest lads in Hollywood, abandons his cantaloupe à la mode to put the stranger right. In no uncertain terms he allows that Hollywood has been getting ready for Grace Moore and Lily Pons for twenty years.

"One of the composers on this lot," he said, "conducted a pit orchestra at McVicker's in Chicago during the old silent days. He traveled around the country with pictures like *The Birth of a Nation* and led the orchestra through innumerable readings of *The Ride of the Valkyries*. Remember when those Kluxers came galloping down the road? This man I'm talking about is a graduate of one of the finest conservatories in Italy. He studied with Respighi for several years. He can write absolutely any kind of music for us at a moment's notice and he's been doing it ever since sound came in. I bet you never even heard of him."

The song writer went on, warming to his subject. "Every producing company in Hollywood has four or five composers like him. And in this company, for instance, he is only part of a large and complex musical organization housed in a building of its own. Come up and see us some time. Our own department has a general musical director—you know yourself what a big shot he is,—conductors, composers, singers, arrangers, film clerks, song writers (not composers as we use the term), librarians, organists, vocal coaches, mechanical effects men, musical advisers, copyright checkers and studio pianists.

"What does a department like this do? Plenty. It writes and arranges its own music, publishes individual songs through a subsidiary owned by the company, records the tunes on film and on wax and provides carefully cued background music or underscoring for hundreds of scenes. In the modern talkie this underscoring can amount to as much as eighty per cent of the total footage. A picture like *The Informer*, the prize winner that starred McLaglen a couple of years ago, was actually written to a musical background. The dialogue was potent but deliberately sparse . . . very sparse. The mood of the picture was induced by means of music."

In three weeks of recent exploration your reporter watched the wheels of at least four music departments go round. I began to listen to movies instead of to look at them. And I began to understand what the young song writer was talking about. The simplest run of the mill feature sets its mood with background music. While the title is revealed and those precious screen credits are run off, the music continues, mounting in

intensity and interest just as the studio composer planned it many weeks before. That first strip of sound keys you for the whole picture and most of the time you are not even conscious that you are hearing it.

In an elaborate "musical" individual songs are spotted before a foot of film is shot. The song writers, a glittering race apart, send their piano manuscripts to the arrangers as producer and director and screen writers decide in conference where songs are to be placed. But "underscoring" always waits upon the completion of the picture. The same conferees decide where they want the underscoring and how much of it they want. The musical score can make or break the picture in spite of the fact that it is not a conscious influence upon the movie fan. It also looms importantly in the total budget of the picture because music can save money for the Hollywood moguls. And when it does that, they begin to love it.

Better musical scores pay returns in cash. It is cheaper to write an authentic and exciting musical background than it is to build a copy of the Taj Mahal or part of the Grand Central Station. Werner Janssen's original music for *The General Died at Dawn* saved fifty thousand dollars on the picture's budget. And when first-rate scores begin to do this, they talk to Hollywood in its most familiar language.

The movie-goers may not consciously notice how good Hollywood scores have become, but they would be quick to resent the 1929 type of scoring . . . when musical directors used Tchaikovsky's *Fifth* for *Passion* and Schubert's *Unfinished* for *Romance*, or the *William Tell* Overture for a chase. Scores must now be fitted to the script of each picture. As George Antheil has said: "The truth of movie-music is becoming apparent. Slowly and with infinite patience music is going forward with our new shadow pictures and their miraculous sound effects. This is especially true of European productions of recent date. The credit titles of contemporary movies feature the names of contemporary musicians with increasing frequency. Shostakovitch, Auric, Milhaud, Honnegger, Toch, Janssen, Korngold, are among the many who are not too proud to try their hand in the service of a so-far rather despised art. Picture music—a new art form—is coming into its own."

The situation points an obvious moral to the American composer. It is telling him to "Go west, young man." In the urban centers he is having a sorry time making both ends meet. I know of no contemporary American composer east of Wilshire Boulevard who can make a living writing music. He must do something on the side, teach, lecture, coach singers or drive a taxi. Conductors, in many instances, are shamefully snobbish about native music. But the composer who is fast and able, can make his way very comfortably in Hollywood. I say "fast" advisedly. Speed is still a prime requisite of the movie business. And unless you can knock off a piano score

at the rate of fifteen to thirty pages a day, you had better not resign from the staff of the Peoria Conservatory.

But, I hear you say, this is hack work. Right you are. Hollywood is the paradise of the hacks, and in the music department they are super-colossal hacks. They can do anything, and they do it very well. The best of them have a keen sense for imitation. They can write for a hundred feet of film in the Puccini manner, or score in the best Wagnerian style. They can furnish provocative background music for rushing locomotives, Parisian back streets or New York cabarets.

Most studios still maintain great music libraries, but these are being used less and less. Musical directors still draw folk music from their libraries or eighteenth-century French minuets or Civil War marching tunes. But they are chary of using material that is not "in the public domain," music that the composer or his heirs still draw royalties from. Any use of Puccini, for instance, is very costly because Puccini's publishers, the firm of Ricordi in Italy, demand and get large royalties. The studios find it cheaper in the long run, and increasingly more effective to assign composers like Werner Janssen (*The General Died at Dawn*), Erik Korngold (*Robin Hood*) or George Antheil (*The Plainsman*) to a picture from the moment its script is finished until it comes out of the cutting room for the last time.

Even the haughty song-writer has begun to feel the change. He must still concentrate on a tune with a sock. He must be first and foremost a tunesmith like his Broadway colleagues. But with the underscoring of a picture sometimes taking up a large per cent of its footage and music in general assuming more importance, he has begun to find out more about harmony and orchestration. He is called upon for greater flexibility and should be able to express his ideas in a full piano score, if possible. The almost legendary genius who poked out ditties with one finger is through for good. Ralph Rainger of Paramount, who writes the music for Leo Robin's words, and who is responsible for songs like *Love in Bloom*, has been studying hard with Arnold Schoenberg for over a year. The results already show in his writing for the large musicals or even in dialogue pictures with two or three "spotted" songs. Rainger now can write charming interludes, weaving them logically into the background music of the picture.

This article is not designed to give the impression that all Hollywood background music is first rate composition. Some of the super-hacks have not had an idea since the days of David Wark Griffith. Others, like Alfred Newman, Max Steiner and the extraordinary Boris Morros, the fat little presiding

deity of the Paramount music department, are not only expert technicians, but are fully aware of the growing significance of music on the sound stages. The score of a picture can make it or break it, in spite of the fact that background music isn't obvious as a psychological influence on the movie fan.

Hollywood's enthusiasm for the highbrow symphonic composer waxes and wanes. There are many old timers on the lots who hold their jobs by right of seniority, not because they ever have an idea. The eastern composer will not necessarily have an easy time breaking in. But here the music critics can help. After all, about seventy million people listen to movie scores every week. The critics are not yet fully aware how important this music can be as an influence on our own culture. Motion picture critics pay little if any attention to picture scores except to note that they are either adequate or inadequate. A public opinion cognizant of the importance of music in the cinema could help a lot to move some of the old timers out and give our younger contemporaries a break in a stimulating and important field of composition.

The young American composer may not land a Hollywood job on his first try, but he can be sure of at least two things. His music will probably not be too high-brow for underscoring and, if he has a gift for melody and ordinary speed, he can master the technical demands of his new field in a week. It is a trade growing more and more respectable and the tricks of it are not hard to learn.

Many eastern composers complain about the cheapness of movie background music. Their attitude is pure swank. It usually comes from the abstract symphonist who shudders at the thought of any kind of realism. But the best artisans in Hollywood have learned to tie cogent ideas to action and atmosphere. They are still better at creating a tone poem for a purely pictorial background like a travelogue. What they do is very little different from what Liszt and Strauss did, except that they write by the yard and they can see what they are writing about.

As Antheil himself sensibly remarks, "Art can only be judged by how well it serves its purpose." The Hollywood field offers opportunity for fame and fortune to the young composer who will deign to breathe its somewhat impure air. If he needs to ease his artistic conscience, he can remember that almost every great composer turned out hack work, and much of it helped sharpen the tools of his trade or served as a proving ground for better music later on. And, above all, the American composer can comfort himself with the knowledge that millions will hear his music, where only hundreds listen now.

PADEREWSKI FUND COMPETITION

OFFERING FURTHER opportunity to American composers is the recent announcement of prizes of a thousand dollars each for works of two kinds: 1) a piece of music for chamber orchestra from fifteen to twenty minutes long; 2) a concerto or other serious work for solo instrument and symphonic orchestra at least fifteen minutes long. The competition is announced by the Paderewski Fund, established by the great

pianist several years ago to encourage "serious creative effort" among American-born musicians.

Full information (for which we lack space) may be secured from the Secretary of the Fund, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Allen, 290 Huntington Avenue, Boston. Manuscripts, in ink, submitted anonymously, must reach Mrs. Allen by March 1, 1939. The judges: Quincy Porter, Hans Lange and Sigismond Stojowski.



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS WITH THIS ARTICLE USED BY COURTESY OF THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM

GAUGUIN: "OVIRI" (EARLY PROOF), WOODCUT. LENT TO THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM BY W. G. RUSSELL ALLEN



GAUGUIN: "TE ATUA," WOODCUT. LENT TO THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM BY THE WEYHE GALLERIES

NEW WAYS TO GAUGUIN

BY CLEMENS SOMMER

"WHAT IS HE" then? He is Gauguin, the savage, who hates a whimpering civilization, a sort of Titan who, jealous of the Creator, makes in his leisure hours his own little creation, the child who takes his toys to pieces so as to make others from them, who abjures and defies, preferring to see the heavens red rather than blue with the crowd. . . .

"A modern author has been reproached for not depicting real beings, but for quite simply creating personages of his own. Quite simply! . . .

"For I too am beginning to feel an immense need to become a savage and create a new world."

Thus reads a letter, written by August Strindberg to Gauguin in 1894, when he was asked to write a preface introducing an exhibition of works of Gauguin, to enable him to make a new voyage to the land of his dreams. The feelings of the Swedish poet and misanthrope surely were shared by all those who, tired of European culture, were feeling choked under the despotism of tradition, and therefore felt a reflection of their own longing for harmony, for a purer mankind and for more beauty, in the ardent dreams and the strange coloring of this outsider, attacked and opposed by those trained in academic naturalism. Here was a man who had the courage to throw aside all the clatter of everyday life, who was strong enough to build up a new life of his own out of his own force and who claimed the right to live and die in beauty. The pictures

which he sent from his paradise seemed to verify his dream: beautiful, well-formed women moved with proud calm in a truly idyllic landscape, and their brown shining bodies seemed to emulate the burning colors of flowers, sea and rocks in the brightness of an everlasting sun. The Gods of ancient Greece, grown weary, seemed to have given away to the idols of the Maoris.

Today we form a different idea of Gauguin. We know now that his life and his art were together an attempted flight, literally an escape to the Antipodes, and that while his pictures seemed to reflect a serene and beautiful life, he himself was wretched and sick, fighting all kinds of misery and coming to an early and mysterious end. We know, too, that a tragedy was hidden under the magic mantle of his art, in no way less than the tragedies in the lives of van Gogh and Cézanne, but more tragic still, being fruitless and romantic.

In his life Gauguin seems to have lacked deep emotions for all his colorful adventuring, to have shunned serious obligations, and never to have tried for those values essential to all superior art. Thus in his work there is no up and down; there are none of the sudden and mysterious changes like those experienced in the life and art of Cézanne. Like a series of beautiful jewels, resembling one another, these pictures are spread before our eyes, each one painted in the same manner, only getting more and more skillful in their construction, more and



Paul Gauguin

Les Cigales et les fourmis

GAUGUIN: "LES CIGALES ET LES FOURNIS," LITHOGRAPH. LENT TO THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM BY J. GORIANY

more firm in their cunning accomplishment. Selective taste and solid craftsmanship assure Gauguin his rank among the French painters at the turn of the century, even after the charm of his exotic world has lost its attraction.

. . .

WHAT CAN this work of a man of yesterday mean to people of today? What do the problematic dreams of a past period mean to us, with an age of bitter experience and of struggle lying in between? Fifty years ago a Gauguin exhibition was a daring enterprise, twenty-five years ago it was a question of being up-to-date. But what does it mean today?

The exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum this summer furnishes a startling reply: there are still new ways leading to Gauguin!

The Brooklyn Museum in this exhibition does not show his well known work anew, adding perhaps a few unknown pictures, dragging them from their remoteness, which in the end would not tell us anything new. But it offers the opportunity to see Gauguin from a new point of view through his prints.

These are not altogether unknown. Since the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston first arranged an exhibition of them in the '20's and Marcel Guérin's catalog, *L'oeuvre gravé de Gauguin* (Paris, 1927), appeared a little later, this side of his artistic work is generally known.

But the completeness of the Brooklyn Museum's exhibition gives it a new significance. To anticipate, what impresses me most, among all that the painter of the Pacific has left, are his woodcuts. They seem to be the most vital and the profoundest of his works; his woodcuts only, for his lithographs or rather his zincographs, done during his stay in Brittany in 1889, adopt much the same approach as his paintings. Only in his later drawings do we sometimes seem to be hearing similar tunes. For this reason these might have been of no less interest, in addition to the prints, than are the few carefully collected paintings which so perfectly confront the well known Gauguin with the one we get to know here in the exhibition.

But thanks to the knowledge of the curator of the Brooklyn Museum's print department, Mr. Carl O. Schniewind, we have

the opportunity to study the woodcut work of Gauguin in a completeness never anticipated. Rows of the different states of each print, proofs and posthumous prints, colored prints and those water-colored by the artist's own hand—all these indicate the intention of the artist in making visible the substantial nature of the carved woodblock itself. It is most important to know that these prints were conceived entirely as part of the woodblock process, the prints being a secondary consideration.

And in this connection it is just as well to know that Gauguin did not turn to woodcuts from painting, but from sculpture, to which he was strongly attracted by a natural inclination. Since the early days of his art he again and again tried to work in this way, mostly trying his ability in the art of ceramics, which must have suited his developed decorative sense. With his carving tools also he produced mostly decorative work, such as panels in flat relief, which he invented to decorate walls or furniture. This may have been the starting point for his woodcuts, for some of these pieces are cut in such flat relief that they certainly look very much like woodblocks.

And on the other hand, many of the woodblocks made for prints show so lively a cut, so strong and expressive a relief that they do not gain by being printed; on the contrary they suffer in respect to their naive, formal power. Thus the woodblock for the print *Noa Noa* (*Embaumé, embaumé*) in many features is clearer in construction than the actual print, the movement circulating and whirling so much more freely and more fluently. And so it is with the print *L'univers est créé*; it is only in the relief of the woodblock itself that one can see how daringly the figures are shaped and sculptured from chaos. The most remarkable one perhaps is the woodblock belonging to *Manao Tupapau* (*Elle pense au revenant*). The large white area on which the crouched figure of the woman is lying is cut deeper than necessary into the wood, producing a peculiar form on the plate. It makes one think of the shape of the volcanic islands so common in the southern Pacific. As Gauguin was given to symbolism, this thought doesn't seem in the least too far fetched.

When Gauguin was making these first attempts, the art of woodcutting had sunk to a very low level. Since it only served

GAUGUIN: "PASTORALES MARTINIQUE," LITHOGRAPH. LENT TO THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM BY W. G. RUSSELL ALLEN

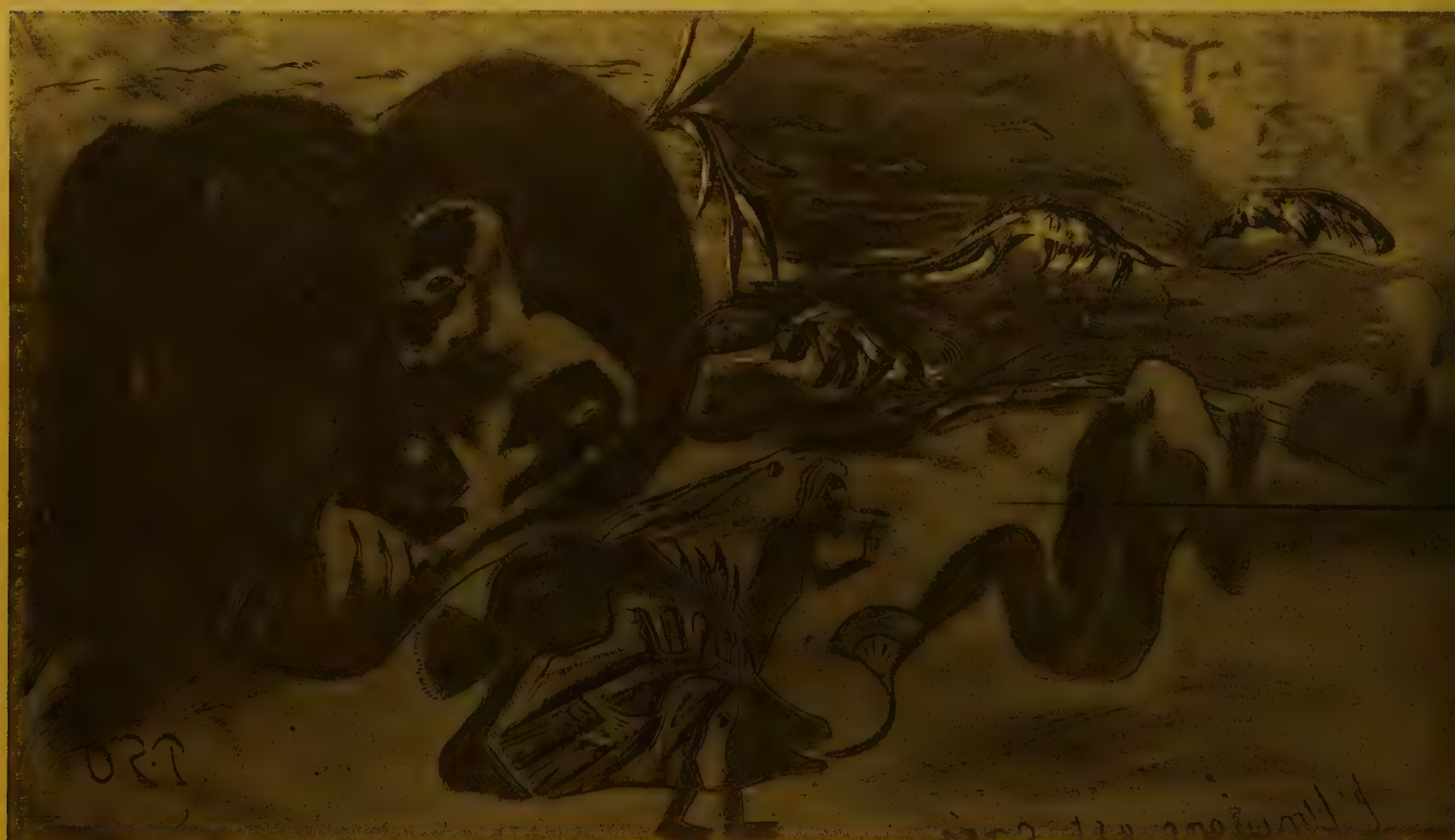


Pastorales Martinique Paul Gauguin



GAUGUIN: "TAHITIAN LANDSCAPE," OIL. LENT TO THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM BY THE LEWISOHN COLLECTION

GAUGUIN: WOODBLOCK FOR "L'UNIVERS EST CREE." LENT TO THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM BY J. GORIAN





GAUGUIN: "JA ORANA MARIA," MONOTYPE WITH WATER COLOR. LENT TO THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM BY W. G. RUSSELL ALLEN



GAUGUIN: "FEMMES, ANIMAUX ET FEUILLAGES," WOODCUT. LENT TO THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM BY J. GORIANY

GAUGUIN: "MISERES HUMAINES," WOODCUT. LENT TO THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM BY W. G. RUSSELL ALLEN



illustrative purposes, its technic was accessible only to the skilled xylographer, which eliminated absolutely any kind of creative ambition. So Gauguin was forced to develop a new handling of his own, which at the same time was to show more of his nature than any other aspect of his work. Passionately absorbed, especially during the first part of his stay, in the world of the Maori in Tahiti, he found there the content of these prints. It must have been this passion which made them so immediately effective.

At the time Gauguin left for the southern Pacific he had won recognition and was considered a finished artist, yet he still burned with a desire to prove his theories. The pictures he sent from his exile are his arguments, perfect in their artistic workmanship, but always considered in the light of the effect they would make in Europe, or rather in Paris. In painting he was sure of his abilities and ran no risks by experiments. But it was different with his woodcuts, meant only for a few intimate friends. They alone are witnesses of the change he was undergoing in this Tahitian world of his. Here he endeavors to advance new possibilities, anticipating in new ways the solutions of problems of his own time, problems of design and spiritual content. These constructive experiments came to be discussed later when Surrealism was the problem in France, as Expressionism was in Germany and as

Marinetti's Futurism was in Italy. Prints like *Te Po* (*La grande nuit*) or *Mahna No Varua Ino* (*Le diable parle*) may indicate this. Compared with them a painting like *Hina Tefatu* (*La lune et la terre*) seems merely conventional academism with exotic make up. This is even more striking when we confront it with another print, the *Te Atua* (*Les dieux*) which deals with a similar subject, but evokes a new and intense form and expression.

Besides these most interesting prints there must be remembered at least one which seems to reach the highest perfection and the peak of Gauguin's skill. Prints like *Le pêcheur buvant auprès de sa pirogue* and *Auti Te Pape* (*Les femmes à la rivière*) are among the most beautiful woodcuts of modern times.

Having gained a new point of view in respect to Gauguin's work through a better knowledge of his graphic work as exhibited in the Brooklyn Museum, we may be able to find a new measure for his painting as well.

What we admire in Gauguin is not what he, with his morbid longing for beauty, tried to force upon his contemporaries as real life and art, but his solid workmanship grown in the ever fruitful soil of France and his struggle with problems of his own time. These he could not escape even on the farthest islands; their conquest will outlast all his romantic longings.



GAUGUIN: "PROJET D'ASISTE," WOODCUT (1889). LENT TO THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM BY JEAN GORIANY



Romuald Kraus: "Justice." For the Federal Court House, Newark, New Jersey

COURTESY TREASURY DEPARTMENT ART PROJECTS

ROMUALD KRAUS'S 'JUSTICE'

BY INSLEE A. HOPPER

LOOK AT THE great bronze figure by Romuald Kraus divorced from label or architectural setting and the feeling communicated requires no word definition. I am sure that coming upon the cover detail with a fresh eye you paused to read the sculpture without the need to turn the page to find out what you saw.

I am not suggesting that the sculpture is lacking in subtlety nor on the other hand that the word "Justice" would spring intuitively to mind, but I am sure that the photograph of the bronze gave you a feeling akin to that which the sculptor intended. The feeling provoked by the sculpture is similar I think to the satisfaction shared in every experience where the right decision is fairly made and justly carried out. Kraus has a personal belief about Justice and he has motivated this abstraction so that if you happened on the sculpture within its context—that is, in the Court Room of the Federal building in Newark, New Jersey, for which it was designed—the care-

fully planned intent of the sculpture would act upon you.

Kraus is forty-seven now. One might say that from Europe he brought his temperament and his technical training and that his fourteen years in this country have given him the experience that provides the American material for his work. Kraus has told me that this conception of Justice was an attempt to express the conviction of his belief in America. You may say that is a large idea that is weak in specific meaning. But personally to Kraus it means a great deal.

Born in Bukowina, formerly a part of Austria, Kraus first studied sculpture in Vienna, then more extensively in the academies of Germany: at Stuttgart with Habicht; at Berlin with Klimsch; at Düsseldorf with Langer and at Weimar. Latterly he worked with Wackerle in Munich. Of course, this training was formative but aside from providing Kraus with a craftsman's groundwork I do not see that it imposed a style on his work. One can perhaps see a trace of Wackerle's influence



Kraus's small model for Justice entered in the competition



Working in full scale clay he opens her eyes temporarily

in some of his modeling and there is an occasional reminiscent hint of an admiration for Lehmbruck.

Kraus knows the mediums of sculpture and their tricks. But each sculpture of Kraus's springs from a distinct personal feeling. There is not a technical exercise nor a facile gallery piece among them. Kraus starts with a deeply felt purpose, reasoned and defined and then projected through his technical training which provided an equipment insuring the accomplishment of his purpose once he is intellectually certain of the result he wants.

Integrity of this sort neither produces pot-boilers nor fine sculpture in great quantities. Nor does it produce the material for a gallery show every two years nor the temperament which either seeks or flatters architects or collectors as patrons. Kraus has had some lean years in this country working in architectural and sculpture studios, repeating by economic necessity the apprenticeship from which he had already graduated with distinction. He has said, "It was only through the generous Government Art Projects that I was enabled to give proof of my sculpture ability."

Kraus created work for the government under the first Public Works of Art Project and later under the WPA Federal Art Project. There are figures of his at Howard University,

the Newark Museum and the Evander Childs High School in the Bronx.

Kraus found his most complete opportunity in the competition conducted for the Section of Painting and Sculpture of the Treasury Department by the Newark Museum for a figure of Justice for the Newark Court House. The competition was anonymous and open, moreover it gave scope to a sculptor to use his head as well as his hands. Many fine sculptures were submitted in the competition. There were distinctive architectural solutions, there were excellently modeled male figures with swords and female figures with scales. Kraus himself submitted models in this cautious class. It seemed to me that his was the one real contribution to the competition. And it was Kraus's conception of Justice that was chosen to be developed in a bronze figure seven and one-half feet high. It filled the space allotted for it with a dynamic spirit and without recourse to ambitiously modeled but empty forms.

One did not have to be a weather prophet in the autumn of 1935 to detect the *Sturm im Wasserglass* that was whipped up in certain prejudiced quarters by the publication of photographs of Kraus's winning model. Those defenders of American culture, the Newark newspapers, indulged in editorials, interviews and articles which in substance led one to believe

(Continued on page 556)



Continuing, Kraus brings the figure nearer the original sketch



Finally cast in plaster, the statue is ready for the foundry



COURTESY TREASURY DEPARTMENT ART PROJECTS

Romuald Kraus: "Justice," bronze. Rear view



"Anne," colored lithograph by Max Kahn, in the exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago through October 9

"ART FOR THE PUBLIC"

BY ALBERT TENEYCK GARDNER

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO has set a precedent of great significance by holding an exhibition of work by local artists employed by the Federal Art Project. This is the first exhibition of its kind to be held in one of our major art museums and the precedent may well be adopted by others throughout the country.

The first impression of the show as a whole is one of tre-

mendous and buoyant liveliness. Could it not be that the elusive "American" quality so sought for by patriotic art lovers has been obvious all the time? And that there is not any national style, in the narrow sense of the word, that is characteristically American but that American art is most American in its cosmopolitan quality—like the population of the country itself—a fusion of cultural elements drawn from



Norman MacLeish: "The Mansion," oil. In the exhibition, "Art for the Public," at the Art Institute of Chicago. All photographs with this article are used by courtesy of the Art Institute and the WPA Federal Art Project for the State of Illinois

the ends of the earth? This exhibition gives that solution.

A spirit of youthful exuberance pervades the galleries and a walk through them is a refreshing and rewarding experience. The installation, obviously the work of a practiced hand, is admirable. Almost every variety of medium and technic is represented. The works range in character from fresco to photograph, from poster to diorama. Many of the works on exhibition were made for specific purposes and have been sponsored by schools and hospitals and other public institutions in the vicinity of Chicago. That deadening atmosphere of sameness so often encountered in exhibitions of the work of organized groups of artists is lacking.

The committee of selection, faced with the task of choosing these works from the hundreds available, has held to a remarkably high level in the esthetic quality of those included in the show. The artists themselves have sensed that a true social value has been given to their work. They are at last being recognized in their true colors, so to speak, as useful and valuable citizens. The nineteenth-century myth of the romantic Bohemian genius gives way to the more modern conception of the artist as craftsman—a part of and contributor to the life around him.

Of all the paintings in the exhibition only one was obviously influenced by Picasso. One artist's work was painted in a

variation of the technic developed and carried to its ultimate point by Seurat. These suffered by the comparisons one was forced to make. In maturer hands the modes of expression employed by such artists as Vlaminck, Redon, Utrillo serve as points of departure or sources of inspiration. Among works so influenced are some of the best paintings in the show. It is no coincidence that pictures by these earlier artists, represented in the permanent collections of the Art Institute, act as a beneficial stimulant to Chicago's creative artists.

In the exhibition the work of three men stands out above the general high level of quality which is maintained throughout the show. Their names are Edward Millman, Raymond Breinen and William S. Schwartz.

The work of Edward Millman, a native of Chicago trained in the school of the Art Institute, shows a dexterity and control in the handling of his materials, a sensitive restraint in color and composition which bespeaks the sure hand of the mature artist. His paintings entitled *Homeless* and *Flop House* are constructed with a large and harmonious simplicity infused with a tempered gentleness which is much more telling than the savage violence so many contemporary artists employ in the depiction of such subjects. *Homeless* has an almost *quattrocento* religious quality of composition. The color pattern is extremely good. Mr. Millman, at one time a student of



Left:
John Walley: "Alcott
School," water color



Edward Millman: "Mother and Child," cartoon detail of mural for the Lucy Flower Technical High School, Chicago. Like other things on this page in the Art Institute's exhibition

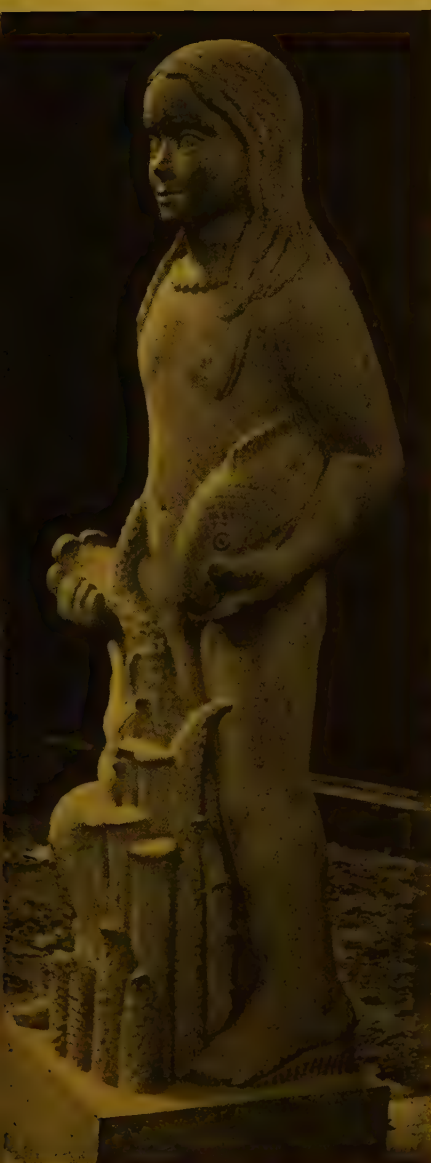
Diego Rivera's, has indeed studied his master well. In his work we find no superficial resemblances to Rivera's style, none of his technical tricks; but some of his essential quality has been seized, assimilated and refined.

Second in this triad of painters is Raymond Breinen. One sees in his work the interacting influences of several older artists—Vlaminck, Redon, Utrillo—who seem to have a special significance for this artist. In his development Breinen is per-



Right:
Mary Anderson: "Har-
vest," plaster model for
stone sculpture to be in-
stalled at Peoria Coun-
ty Tuberculosis Sani-
tarium, Illinois

Right:
Julio De Diego: "Sou-
venir of Spain," oil



Left:
Emmanuel Viviano:
"Girl and Fish," carved
stone. For the Univer-
sity of Illinois Medical
Unit



Julio De Diego: "Alone in the Immensity of Nature," water color. At the Art Institute

haps a step or two behind Millman. His canvases are however filled with promise—Breinen is a man to watch. He is best represented in this exhibition by a semi-abstract painting, *White House*, a not unpleasantly cold lunar landscape. In *Interior with Chair* is skilfully evoked that mysterious stark loneliness of simple everyday objects which verges on the periphery of horror. A portrait, *Man with Pipe*, is in a gayer vein. The pose is unconventional and the whole work has an in-

Rudolph Weisenborn: "Reclamation of Eroded Farm Land." Above is the artist's sketch and below the diorama



formal air of easy nonchalance. Breinen's paintings in opaque water color, due in part to the medium, have a velvety luminosity. The feeling, perhaps also due to the medium, is reminiscent of the work of Gino Severini—a warmer, less harsh

Severini, without lutes and doves, without neo-classic wedding-cake trumpery.

Third, I place the work of William Schwartz. His principal interest seems to lie in the use of color-forms for the building

up of his compositions. His *Rocky Mountains* is appropriately tinty and formal in color and the powerful desolate rocks and plants of the primeval landscape are very well integrated.

Among the other painters in the show whose contributions command attention is Lester Schwartz who introduces us in his paintings to an Edith Sitwellian world of vague forms—a visual counterpart of the music of a composer of the school of Ravel. The water color studies by Hester Miller Murray are executed in two widely varying and equally well handled manners. One is represented by the playful imaginative animal subjects, the other by photo-realistic *The Alley*. The animal paintings should be eminently successful when enlarged for murals. An interior, *My Room*, by Roff Beman is possibly more revealing of the character of the artist than any actual portrait could be. Rudolph Weisenborn's allegiance to the tube and plane has not interfered with his bouncing sense of humor. His diorama, *Reclamation of Eroded Farm Land*, half painting, half sculpture, is a highly diverting construction. His cartoons for murals, *Steel Workers* and *Stock Yards*, are drawn with a staccato verve and humor that fit the cubist formula perfectly.

A feeling for stage design is evident in the work of Julio De Diego. His *Alone in the Immensity of Nature* would make a perfect set for the balcony scene of a modern Romeo and Juliet. With his *Souvenir of Spain* as background any modern ballet should be set "on its toes." The single work of Adrian

Adrian Troy: "Street Level Crossing," water color. Included in the exhibition, "Art for the Public," at Chicago Art Institute

Troy, *Street Level Crossing*, stands in a class by itself. The drawing is humorous and easy and its color is fresh and clear.

In the section devoted to prints the work of Max Kahn is especially notable, particularly the colored lithograph, *Portrait of a Girl*. William Schwartz contributes one of the best still lifes in the show—his print, *Fruit*.

The murals divide themselves into three classes—historical, sociological and the purely decorative. Of these the best work falls into the two latter classes; the historical murals come in a poor third. There is something about the antiquarianism necessary for historical accuracy that seems to rob the artist of his unselfconsciousness. Perhaps the ferocious surface accuracy of Hollywood's historical efforts is partially responsible. Among the best of the mural cartoons is Millman's *Child Labor and the School*. It is well designed but the color is somewhat bitter. One has the feeling that the social connotations of the subject are getting in the way. *Aviation No. 1* by Mildred Waltrip is excellent decoration which would be a welcome addition to the bare interior of Chicago's Municipal Airport. Two circus murals by Andrene Kauffman by the suppression of the third dimension in the composition allow the artist an opportunity to "get very gay" with color that would otherwise be overpowering.

The sculpture in the show is generally of a highly competent character though considerably more conservative than the paintings. *Tom Sawyer* and *Alice in Wonderland*, a pair of figures designed by Mary Anderson, are unpleasantly slick in their present plaster state. The rough texture of the cast stone in which they are eventually to be finished will undoubtedly be more suitable. There is between the two figures a remark-



Right:
"Rocky Moun-
tains," oil by Wil-
liam S. Schwartz



able family resemblance that might have startled their literary fathers.

Emmanuel Viviano's work in glazed ceramics is excellent, varied and gay in design and color. The water color renderings for the Index of American Design are a revelation. These careful drawings bring us joltingly to the realization of what great pleasure in fine craftsmanship the casual click of the camera has robbed us. The artists deserve unstinted praise.

Chicago is to be congratulated on the excellence of the work of her artists. The Art Institute is to be praised for giving these artists a showing and the public as well as the artists are indebted to the Federal Art Project for its service to American art.

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A LIST of all the artists whose work is in the exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago follows:

Gertrude Abercrombie, Harry Aberdeen, Walter Burt Adams, Mary Anderson, Frances Badger, David Bekker, Roff Beman, Rainey Bennett, Bernece Berkman, Irene Bianucci, Wellington Blewett, Aaron Bohrod, Raymond Breinen, H. Langden Brown, Edgar Britton, John Buczak, Edward Buechner.

Edouard Chassaing, Robert Clark, Francis F. Coan, Elizabeth Colwell, Gustaf Dahlstrom, Julio De Diego, Robert Delson, Curt Drewes, Joseph Dusek, Briggs Dyer, John Fabian, Burton Freund.

Left:
Raymond Breinen: "Man with a Pipe," oil. Among those in the exhibition, "Art for the Public," currently at the Art Institute



Above:
Raymond Breinen: "White House," oil,
among those now showing at the Chicago
Art Institute's Federal Art Project show



Right:
Edward Millman: "Weary," gouache. On
exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago

Todros Geller, Warren Gilbertson, Ralph Graham, Russell Green, Arlington Gregg, Davenport Griffin, Harry Grossen, Louis Ph. Grumieaux, Malcolm Hackett, Carl Hallsthammar, Ralph Henricksen, Kalman Himmel, Ernest T. H. Hoyer, Reva Jackman, William Jacobs, Emanuel Jacobson, Edwin

Boyd Johnson, Ralph Johnstone, Ivar Julius.

Max Kahn, Andrene Kauffman, Anna Keeney, Karl Kelpé, Oak Abner Kirby, John Koehl, Alfred Koehn, Alfred Lenzi, Arthur Lidov, Louis Linck, Louella Long, Norman MacLeish, Marjorie Maguire, Martin Maller, Stanley Mazur, Frank Mc-

(Continued on page 550)



Left: Jane Freeman: "Eyes for Two," oil, in the summer exhibition of the Rockport Art Association. Below: Dorothy Lake Gregory: "Betty and Araminta," lithograph, exhibited at Provincetown, Mass.

THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS

THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST

BY DOROTHY ADLOW

ALONG THE coast of Massachusetts the arts sprout forth in the spring, and by the time the hollyhocks have achieved their maximum height, art exhibitions are in full swing. Aspiring artists flock to the picturesque towns, unfold their easels on the main streets, boat landings and sand dunes, and paint away for dear life. Hobbies are being pursued by people who are trying to get away from it all. In the peculiarly American fashion the pursuit becomes intense; it is "promoted," commercialized, and overdone.

The exhibitions provided annually are large and well attended. Many of the visitors, no doubt, rarely see art shows during the winter and they probably associate pictures with sea breezes and relaxation. Such spectators generally know what they like, and those who install the exhibitions give them what they know they like. In other words, exhibitions such as those at Gloucester—the North Shore Arts Association and the Gloucester Society of Art, Inc.—are really showing a line of staples, including many picturesque landscapes, several efficiently made decorative still lifes, some poster-like abstractions, and a few conventional portraits. So set is the formula

for hanging that the two exhibitions overlap materially. They duplicate each other even to the point of giving prominence to the same luminaries; they exercise the same caution; they show the same degree of discrimination. Thus in this day of unprecedented independence in the arts, we are confronted with two displays which are as alike as two department store installations of standard merchandise.

It is revealing to observe what prominence is given to Umberto Romano who, we judge, is looked upon as a dean of painters on Cape Ann. Once again there is proof of the desire to be diplomatic, to please and not offend, by taking the mid-





been patched up. The moderns and traditionalists have shown a willingness to display side by side. We wonder a little, as we see them fraternize, why they ever quarreled.

Something has happened in Provincetown. There was a time when some of the finest and most sensitive abstract pictures in America were painted down there in that fishing village. In the summer exhibition, the outstanding painters have disappeared and a critical prop has fallen out of the annual show. How we miss the ingenious compositions of Karl Knaths, the tenuous abstractions of Agnes Weinrich, the skilful, fanciful decorations of Oliver Chaffee! Yet there still remain some able contributions by such artists as Fritz Pfeiffer, Charles L. Heinz and Mary H. Tannahill. In black-and-white Dorothy Lake Gregory and Helen Sawyer show skill and imagination.

Fewer pictures relate to the immediate environment. What we see and think about in everyday life seems to have scant bearing upon the canvases. From the summer displays we get slight indication of the fact that artists are coming back to the daily scene, to literary or social or historical themes. On the contrary, we have the feeling that art continues to be sufficient unto itself, a means of relaxation or escape. We conclude that as notable and professional artists find their place in winter markets, in Federal commitments, they abandon the summer exhibitions, thus depriving them of the most magnetic feature.

Left: Lawrence Beall Smith's "Museum Visitor," oil, shown by the Gloucester Society of Artists. Below: Arnold Blanch's "Man Talking," oil, exhibited at Woodstock Art Association under the new dispensation



dle road. In his pictures there is an odd blend of the popular idealism of Mr. Speicher and Mr. Kroll, a dash of primitivism, and a measure of monumentality, Florentine style. It all sums up to something which seems a product of a machine in sleekness and smoothness and solid contour. Even the colors seem like mechanical reproductions. Such conventions have become too common in the acclaimed American style in the past few years. They are too easily adapted, too easily imitated. They follow a recipe which may exclude the very essence of vitality which we expect in good painting. More provocative and more searching are the pictures of Herbert Barnett, which possess variations and implications that cannot be simulated mechanically.

At Rockport they practice selection; we note at once what improvement results when there is some weeding out. There are many pictures at the Art Association done in a spirited and enterprising manner. At least the illusion is conveyed to the spectator that more vision and more independence of ideas can be expected upon these walls per square foot.

We must go down to the South Shore, to the farthest reach of Cape Cod, to find the more liberated spirit. While the Provincetown Art Association was in a sense disappointing this season, it still continues to show a fighting and carefree attitude. The intramural quarrel which was apparent in the separate hanging of Whig and Tory exhibits a year ago has



Paul Burlin: "Rich Man's Nightmare." Exhibited at the Woodstock Art Association's annual show.

THE WOODSTOCK ANNUAL

BY ERNEST BRACE

THE WORLD WIDE cleavage between totalitarian and democratic philosophies was early this summer reflected in the reorganization of The Woodstock Artists Association. Democratic ideas were quite bloodlessly and amicably triumphant. At its first meeting of the season the board of directors of the Association resigned, and in the ensuing statement it issued to the membership, the board explained that "since its inception it has been the hope of the Association that it would be representative of all active artists in the community. To foster this policy, changes have been effected in the machinery organized two decades ago. The board of directors, which has from time to time been enlarged, has now decided that rapid growth and change of the body of artists in the community has made an even more radical development of the Association's original democratic project to be necessary." And later on in the same statement the retiring board stipulated that "the functions of the board of directors are to devolve upon an executive committee of ten to be elected annually by the entire membership of the Association."

As one result of this change of policy, the Sawkill Gallery, which opened in 1935 a few doors down the street from the Association's gallery, decided, temporarily at least, not to reopen this season. Two large screens were installed in the single room of the gallery to divide it into three rooms and provide

for greater hanging space. The season began with a jury selected show of paintings and sculpture which was, on the whole, pleasant, widely varied in quality and kind, but which reflected the radical change in organization mainly in the extension of wall space and the number of pictures shown.

The second show of drawings, prints, and watercolors was made particularly interesting by being grouped around a one-man show of gouaches by Marianne Appel in the central room. Her very charming and sensitive interpretations of Alaskan landscape were all representative of a definite, completely integrated mood, painstakingly realistic in its attitude, and, at the same time, particularly in color and faithful precision, intensely sympathetic. It is, I understand, the intention of the present executive committee to hang several of its shows around individual exhibits.

The Annual is still the outstanding effort of the season. Its attempts to secure not only the best but also the most representative work of the year. It shows quite convincingly this year how important democratic organization of such an institution really is, for under no other conceivable form of management could the conflicting moods, social ideas, and creative attitudes be as honestly and fairly represented. Eugene Speicher's masterfully competent *Alicia* and George Franklin's competently subconscious *Spielzeugnis* obviously could



Erle Loran is represented by his gouache, "The First Storm," in this year's exhibition of work by artists West of the Mississippi, first shown at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center but later scheduled for travels which will eventually take it at least as far east as New York

not agree upon any conceivable premise, and yet anyone for whom art is a living organism rather than an inorganic formula cannot help feeling a sense of vital security at finding them hung in the same room. The exhibition throughout had that broad contrast, and while one could sometimes feel that individual statements seemed in danger of becoming monotonous reiterations, such a problem demands personal rather than group solution.

Eugene Ludins' *Rotten Foundation* is an arresting canvas, partly because of its broad and mysterious panorama and partly because its implications, as is often the case with Ludins' pictures, are almost mystically shrouded. *Rich Man's Nightmare* by Paul Burlin, on the other hand, has a sharp, swift impact which derives not merely from its subject matter, but which is rather the focus of all the elements of the canvas—color, composition, and material. Arnold Blanch's *Man Talking* is a very dynamic portrait which avoids the pitfalls of both caricature and strain inherent in the subject matter. Emil Ganso's *Kennebunkport* is an outstanding example of quite a different type of work. If space permitted, fairness

would demand that one go on to individual discussion of adequate and interesting examples of the work of such painters as Henry Mattson, Wendell Jones, Doris Lee, Joseph Pollet, Georgina Klitgaard, Austin Mecklem, John Nichols, Walter Sarff, Andree Ruellan, Charles Rosen, and several others. In sculpture, Hannah Small and Thomas Penning showed competent and satisfying figures, and Carl Walters' ceramic whale proved again his expert comprehension of animal forms. Isabella Howland, who has recently turned from painting to sculpture, exhibited three small caricatures of contemporary artists—Bernard Karfiol, epitomized as *Earthy*, Emil Ganso as *Sphinx*, and Dorothy Varian as *Politesse*—which were both amusing and trenchant.

What may come of the reorganization of the Woodstock Artists Association, which is a very representative microcosm of the broad field of American art, must depend, of course, on the individuals comprising it and on the vitality of national culture as a whole. But that this group functions to include all the diverse elements of the community is a healthful and invigorating symptom.



"Lonely Town," by Tom Lea, of Texas, included in the "West of the Mississippi" showing at Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center this summer

'WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI'

BY ARCHIE MUSICK

FIFTY-NINE PAINTERS are showing this year in the exhibition at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center as against forty-eight in 1937. About half the twenty states in the territory "West of the Mississippi" are here represented, California and New Mexico supplying more than half.

According to the Fine Arts Center's selection, the states of Montana, Idaho, Nevada, North and South Dakota, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Minnesota are not sufficiently clement to artistic growth to warrant cultivation here.

A good third of these canvases have been loaned by established galleries on the two coasts. The other two-thirds are by painters still striving to get that kind of representation. Dealers will not handle a painter until he has "matured;" which sometimes means until he has begun to atrophy. Falling into the rut of mature style from which one must never deviate is, of course, not confined to the western painter alone; rather it is his method of competing with his confrères of the east. The canvases of Sheets, Miller, and Sample are good examples of Sheets, Miller, and Sample, respectively. And so the mill keeps going, going.

On the whole, however, the quality of this show has increased, along with the number of pieces. There is evidence of superior craftsmanship and points of approach not in the book of fashion. Too, there are a number of "strong and vigorous" works in the Craven sense, meaning sharp contrasts and heavy, water-logged forms.

Frank Mechau's Academy prize winner, *Last of the Wild Horses*, dominates the exhibition in size as well as with its impeccable composition. Davey's *Goose Hunters*, also a winner at the same institution, is Davey at his best.

John Sloan, about as much a westerner as George Grosz or Chiang Kai-shek, formerly furnished this exhibit with western vacation pictures which did his reputation no good. This year, however, Kraushaar wisely provided his *McSorley's Saturday Night*, so that no one can say he's deteriorating.

The Missouri school is still on the upgrade, particularly Joseph Meert. Even Benton has achieved better flesh tones and soft-pedalled his squirminess in the bar-room nude called *Suzanna and the Elders*. Yes, some of Mother Carey's Chickens show disturbing signs of becoming ugly ducklings.



Thomas Hart Benton's version of "Suzanna and the Elders" represents the artist in the exhibition of art by artists working West of the Mississippi at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center

Though of straight water color technique, the striking freshness and power of color in Erle Loran's *The First Storm* warrants applause. Two other refreshing, unstereotyped approaches, particularly in the use of color, are those of Daniel Lutz of California and Dorothy Brett, of New Mexico.

Lucien Labaudt of San Francisco is the delegate of Feitelson's school of Postsurrealism. That Feitelson is consistently

omitted from this annual show is a strange oversight in view of his superiority as a craftsman. And where are James Redmond of Montana, Arthur Murphy, Peter Hurd of New Mexico, Nicolas Brigante, and Macdonald Wright of California?

This exhibition will be shown in Denver and later at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. After that it will probably make a general tour along the east coast.

St. Louis Cat

WHEN OFFICIALS of the City Art Museum of St. Louis proudly announced the acquisition of a bronze cat belonging to the Egyptian Saite period, they little expected such lively public response. Prompted by newspaper stories that played up the purchase price of \$14,400 and stirred by such editorials as "Open Letter to a Cat" which appeared in the *Star-Times*, citizens of St. Louis have made the unoffending animal the focal point for an attack on the museum.

They claim the cat's arrival to be ill-timed and unwarranted, since the city faces a sizable deficit and the needy go without relief. Striking building workers picketed the City Hall, with signs reading "\$14,000 for a useless bronze cat—nothing for labor." The American Artists' Congress joined the general noise-making with a protest against the policy of purchasing expensive antiquities in preference to contemporary works of art. The Women's Chamber of Commerce lodged immediate and indignant protest with the city officials and brought up the old question of the property tax by which the museum is financed.



Egyptian bronze cat of the Saite period recently purchased by the City Art Museum of St. Louis from the Brummer Galleries, New York. Since arrival it has been the ostensible cause of a heated controversy

This tax was first voted by a city-wide poll in 1907 and dropped in 1909 when its legality was questioned. It was resumed in 1912 after the State Supreme Court had ruled it legal and the revenue has passed to the museum ever since. It represents one-fifth of a mill per dollar on the assessed valuation of property in the city. In 1922 the City Comptroller again questioned the tax on legal grounds in an effort to secure a portion of the money for relief.

Public confusion is understandable. The position of the museum, however, is entirely tenable, since obviously funds legally allocated for one purpose cannot be deflected to another. If the city is in financial distress and the unemployed are starving, it would seem to us that the museum, though less passive, is in much the same position as the cat. They are merely detours in the line of march to the seat of municipal government, where the trouble really lies.

Charles Harris Whitaker

CHARLES HARRIS WHITAKER, architect, author and editor, died at his home in Virginia on August 10, at the age of sixty-six. He was a strong advocate of housing and community planning, and a champion of functionalism at a time when the Beaux-Arts influence predominated and leading members of his profession were reproducing Renaissance palaces, French châteaux and Tudor manor houses. He edited the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects* from 1913 to 1927, and during this period is credited by Lewis Mumford with having "put the housing and community planning movement in the United States on new foundations." (cf. *The Culture of Cities*.) He was for many years prominently identified with government housing and waged constant war against "pork barrel" appropriations for public buildings.

Best known of Mr. Whitaker's books is *From Rameses to Rockefeller*, a social interpretation of architecture, published in 1934. He was a contributor to the *MAGAZINE OF ART*; his most recent articles were, "William Morris" (August, 1934) and "The Unfalsifiable Image" (August, 1936).

Mr. Whitaker was also an expert photographer and during his travels made photographs of buildings throughout the world, notably in Greece and Spain. He devoted some time to the study of prints and his collection of lithographs is now in the Library of Congress.

Orchestral School

DR. SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, hopes to establish at Tanglewood, seat of the Berkshire Symphonic Festival, a school for orchestral conductors and instrumentalists. This was disclosed by Mr. Bentley W. Warren, President of the Orchestra, in his address at the opening of the festival. He stated that with an adequate plant already in existence the principal need would be for scholarship funds. Dr. Koussevitzky hopes to be able to open the school in 1940, and thereafter to hold annual sessions before each festival.

(Continued on page 546)

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NEW BOOKS ON ART

Dr. Post's Seventh Volume

A History of Spanish Painting. By Chandler Rathfon Post. Vol. VII, Parts 1 and 2. Cambridge, 1938. Harvard University Press. Price \$20.00.

THE STUPENDOUS pursuit in which Dr. Post of Harvard has been engaged for many years advances in this volume to the painters of eastern Spain of the second half of the fifteenth century; notably Jaime Huguet, Pedro García de Benabarre, the Vergós family, and their respective schools as well as the schools of Lérida, Tarragona and Majorca. Beautifully published by the Harvard University Press with a subvention of the American Council of Learned Societies, the two parts of the book are brimful of new material both as regards its more than nine hundred pages of text and its nearly four hundred illustrations. A vast amount of addenda to the preceding six volumes constitutes all but a separate book. In these, from the discoveries made during the revolutionary unrest before the outbreak of the civil war, Dr. Post mentions, among others, romanesque murals in the old Cathedral of Roda Ribagorza; those in the apse appear to be close relatives of the murals of Santa Maria de Tahull, perhaps the most perfect creations of the twelfth century in Catalonia.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the merits of Dr. Post's researches. What he has accomplished is equalled only by what Crowe and Cavalcaselle and, more recently, Adolfo Venturi did for the history of Italian art. Only Post does not enjoy Venturi's good fortune. Venturi's material had been sifted, classified and defended in learned periodicals before he fashioned his great monument to Italian art. To put chaos in order, Post faces the Herculean job of sifting, classifying and defending his material in his book. It is chiefly because of this dire necessity that his opus resembles a series of highly specific and annotated studies on separate Spanish painters more than a monumental history of Spanish painting. Here, of course, Dr. Post had no choice. On the other hand, the readability of his *History* is unnecessarily impaired. This is due, partly to lengthy excursions into barren fields—twenty-five pages of text are devoted to "so rude an artisan as Espalargues [who] would scarcely have been thought worthy of inclusion in the present volume, were it not for the perverse chance that has preserved to us his name"; partly to occasional exhortations on "the scholarly duty of caution" and sallies upon the "too easily convinced scholarship of the older school." The art historian's guild, which the book addresses, will gladly dispense with such asides.

Out of scholarly caution the author is often "driven into the unsatisfactory corner of creating a name for an artist . . . who deserves a more nondescript title until a document shall reveal with finality his real name." Names that shall henceforth grace the encyclopedia are newly created by Dr. Post. Among these are: the "Saint Quirse Master" who was in all likelihood Jaime Huguet's father, Pedro Huguet; the "Gerona

Master" who is all but unmasked as Gabriel Alemany; and the "Olot," "Ciérvoles," "Verdú," "Girard," "Muntadas" masters. It should be a great satisfaction to the author that personal identity has been restored to one of the most fascinating Catalan painters whom he presented in an earlier volume; in an addendum we are informed that, according to a document recently found by Señor Durán y Sanpere, we may henceforth say "Bernardo Martorell" instead of the "Master of Saint George."

—OSKÁR HAGEN.

Two on the Movies

The History of Motion Pictures. By Maurice Bardèche and Robert Brasillach. Translated and edited by Iris Barry. New York, 1938. W. W. Norton & Co. and the Museum of Modern Art. Price \$4.00.
We Make the Movies. Edited by Nancy Naumburg. New York, 1938. W. W. Norton & Co. Price \$3.00.

BOTH OF these books are useful, timely, attractively done and belong to the library of anyone seriously interested in the film. I am happy to say this because it is a good sign for the film in America, in its commercial, educational, propaganda and experimental aspects, that it is finally attracting the serious and even scholarly criticism on which all genuine progress must be based. Nor is it by accident that this development comes at a time when the entire film industry is going through a time of significant questioning both by the public and by itself, and when the weather signs all point to reorientation and fundamental changes. Straws blown in this breeze are discovery by a hard-boiled trade paper such as *Variety* that the explanation of the slackening public interest in the films is due to a failure on the part of the commercial makers to come to grips with recognizable realities in the lives of its audience; in the Assistant Attorney General's anti-trust petition against Paramount Pictures *et al*; in the creation in the National Emergency Council of a centralized and relatively permanent film brain trust headed by Mr. Pare Lorentz and Mr. Arch Mersey; in the hotly waxing struggle over documentary films and who shall produce them and in the sprouting of small experimental film societies throughout the land; in the unionization of film labor and the conspicuous liberalization of its directorial staffs and of many principal actors; and not least in the steadily increasing attention and growing influence of educators and foundations in this field. This is not a catalog. Such developments are, as I have said, straws in the wind. They mean much that is not appropriately discussed here. But one thing must be marked, for it is fundamental to all others: the end has come to an era in American motion pictures marked wholly by the story film; we stand on the threshold of a new and exciting but still indistinct future.

That is why it is good to have at hand such a valuable and objective account of the entire history of the motion picture as that provided by Bardèche and Brasillach, and made avail-

able with such admirable discrimination by Miss Barry. There are some limitations, to be sure, particularly in the fact that as a history the concentration on the silent film *per se* seems a trifle abstract. Yet this section is really the meat of the book, and one's only regret is that the authors have not clearly shown the evolution of the sound film from its silent predecessor. To 1930 the book is virtually perfect. For the film until then it has given a typically French clarity, deftly indicating periods and characteristics with names and dates. No art historian could demand much more. The point of view is comprehensive since the authors are not only concerned with the movies as art but as social documentation and entertainment as well.

This carefully objective, yet retrospective, account of the film is admirably balanced by Miss Naumburg's smart idea: to get the people who make the films to tell their story. Luckily Miss Naumburg is young and intensely interested and has thus been able to resist the obvious temptation to sterilize technical vocabularies and water down necessarily complex descriptions. Consequently some of the best chapters in the book are those which deal with the technic of sound, animated cartoons (by Disney) and camera work. This results in a very complete account of the organization of a typical company or a typical film although three additional chapters on financial and administrative organization of a film corporation, the problems and technic of promoting and selling films, and the vital problem of distribution are lacking. The thing which emerges so clearly from Miss Naumburg's book is, as she says, the fact that while the film "is the most cooperative of all art forms, . . . the artistic importance of the motion picture lies in the interpretation of a single mind." The leviathanesque stature of the most productive film corporations (with its ramifications in financing thousands of theatres) coupled with the complexity of production help explain why so many motion pictures have that machine-made similarity that so promptly jades the appetites of their audience. The bewildering complexity of the industry that is the theme of this book and, as Miss Naumburg correctly points out, is "America's contribution to the art," clearly shows that continued artistic—as opposed to technical—progress cannot come from the large corporations. The discovery of new possibilities in the film is the special province of the small and experimental companies whose work may lack the technical slickness of the commercial film but which has freshness and vitality that is the life of any art.—F. A. GUTHEIM.

Ribalta and His School

Francisco Ribalta and His School. By Delphine Fitz Darby. Cambridge, 1938. Harvard University Press. Price. \$7.50.

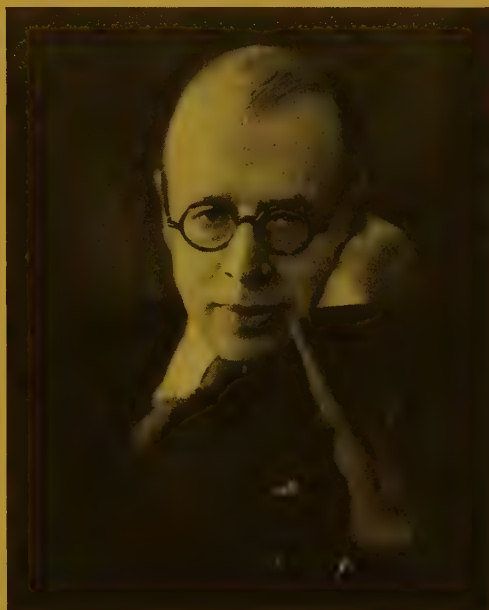
THIS BIOGRAPHICAL study of a pivotal artist of Spain is, as the author informs us in the preface, a revised edition of her doctoral thesis of 1929. It fills a crying need. For while good monographs have been written on the more representative masters of the *Siglo de Oro*, this is the first on the great

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In connection with his use of artists material, Mr. Caswell says, "There is nothing that robs one of inspiration so much as poor artists material. I have made a real discovery in the Grumbacher Boards and Papers for my pen and ink work, and their padded Cameo Paper for pencil drawing and lithographs. All professional artists and art students should investigate the Grumbacher artists material catalog."

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Primitive of Spanish realism who was a trail blazer for its classics, Ribera, Zurbarán and Velázquez. The volume is handsomely printed and illustrated with eighty-seven plates, thanks to a grant of the Carnegie Corporation.

The dissertation (apart from plates, appendix, bibliography and index) extends over 223 pages. It begins with a well-drawn picture of Ribalta's time and milieu and continues with the biographies of Francisco and Juan Ribalta, father and son. The father's three periods are examined, and the son as well as four other *Ribaltescos* are set forth individually, viz., Vicente Castelló, Gregorio Bausá, the "Saint Roch Master," and Pablo Porta—a cluster of complex personalities rendered no simpler by the dominant influence that the older Ribalta's overbearing personality exercised on them. A separate study of Ribalta's portraiture and a chapter on his "personal achievement" bring the literary part of the thesis to a conclusion.

In this book Ribalta's artistic significance comes off second best. The closing chapter, in particular, leaves the reader disappointed; he was entitled to more analytical demonstration of the contention made in the preface that Ribalta ranks rather above than below the least of the representative painters of Spain from Morales and El Greco to Velázquez and Murillo. Nor does all of the book make enjoyable reading. I am the last person to ask that a scientific clarification of moot biographical problems should read like a novel; still, I contend that it would have been to the lasting literary advantage of a volume on so worthy a theme if, in the process of revising, the doctoral thesis had been stripped of the clichés of a seminar report. When such trivial matter of the birthplace of Ribalta is under question, words are brandished as if a battle were in progress: "the claim of Castellón is *undermined*"; "none of the scholars of the late nineteenth century *dared* to impugn" the baptismal record produced by Ponz; "Professor Julia *hurled the missile* that has destroyed confidence in the pertinence of the record to Ribalta" (*italics mine*). In other chapters the main stream of thought is diverted by thin rivulets of controversial argumentation, some of which is quite irrelevant. These rivulets should at least have been directed to the footnotes instead of meandering through the text.

The prime value of this publication, aside from the fundamental value that at last a monograph on Ribalta is available, resides in the appendices. Every student in the field must thank Mrs. Darby for: 1) the carefully compiled catalog of the *oeuvre* of Ribalta and his School; 2) a list of the contemporary references to the two Ribaltas; 3) a chronological compendium of all known signatures and documents relative to the lives and works of the painters; 4) D. Marco Antonio Orellana's notes on Ribalta, published here for the first time from the MS. *in extenso*, with permission of the University of Valencia. The appended material makes the volume indispensable for research and museum work both here and abroad.—OSKAR HAGEN.

OPEN EXHIBITIONS

Chicago, Illinois

Art Institute of Chicago: 49th Annual Exhibition of American Painting & Sculpture; Oct. 20-Dec. 4.

ORIGINAL WORKS in oil and sculpture not previously exhibited at the Institute. Entry cards must be returned to Daniel Catton Rich, Director of Fine Arts, Art Institute of Chicago, not later than September 14. Entries limited to three works; not more than two by one artist will be accepted. Works for the Chicago jury must be delivered prepaid at the Institute between September 20 and 29; works for the New York jury must be delivered prepaid at W. S. Budworth & Son, 424 West 52 Street, between September 14 and 21. Jury meeting in New York, September 23; in Chicago, October 4 and 5. Press view, October 18.

Art Institute of Chicago: 5th International Exhibition of Etching & Engraving; Nov. 4-Jan. 9, 1939.

ORIGINAL WORK in metal plate media: etching, engraving, dry-point, soft ground, aquatint and mezzotint, black and white and in color, not previously exhibited at the Institute. Entry cards must be returned not later than September 24. Prints received at the Institute not later than October 1. Jury meeting, October 12. Press view, November 3.

Cincinnati, Ohio

Cincinnati Art Museum: 45th Annual Exhibition of American Art; Oct. 1-30.

ORIGINAL WORKS in oil, water color and sculpture not previously exhibited in Cincinnati. Entry cards must be returned to the Museum not later than September 5. Works must be delivered prepaid not later than September 12. Not more than two works may be submitted.

Portland, Oregon

Portland Art Museum: 7th Annual Painting & Sculpture Exhibition; Oct. 22-Nov. 20.

ORIGINAL WORKS in oil and sculpture not previously exhibited in Portland. Entry cards must be returned to the Museum not later than October 1; works delivered prepaid between October 1 and 7. Jury meeting, October 8, 10 and 11. Private view for artists and Art Association members, October 21.

Syracuse, New York

Syracuse Art Museum: 7th Annual Ceramics Exhibition; Oct. 27-Nov. 21.

ORIGINAL CERAMICS by American and Canadian artists. Entry cards and exhibits must be at the Museum not later than October 15. Entry cards and full particulars may be obtained from Miss Anna Olmstead, Director of the Syracuse Museum.

LETTERS

Word from Mr. Biddle

To the Editor:

I take it that the chief grounds of dissatisfaction which Mr. Paul F. Berdanier, Sr., finds with my Justice Building murals

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is that the subject matter is "aid and comfort being given Communistic propaganda . . . on the walls of our public buildings . . . another example of the poisonous pattern of Moscow being forced down the American throat. . . . His Moscow propaganda. It is the essence of foulness and incompetence."

The subject matter was suggested to me by Judge Harold M. Stephens, Assistant Attorney General and now a Judge in the District Court of Appeals. The subject matter was subsequently approved by Attorney General Cummings and by two present Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, Harlan J. Stone and Stanley Reed.

All of them would, I suppose, be more competent than I am to discuss with Mr. Berdanier, Sr., the subversive and Communistic intent of two citations from the works of Justice Brandeis and Justice Holmes which I embodied as the legends of my murals.

—GEORGE BIDDLE.

Croton-on-Hudson, New York

ACTIVITY

(Continued from page 540)

Meanwhile the festival management, headed by Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith, has opened a campaign for the \$58,000 which is estimated necessary for improvements to the Music Shed and the grounds.

Dates for next year's festival are already announced (August 3, 5, 6, 10, 12 and 13) and memberships with reduced rates for the 1939 series may be taken out now. For information apply to the office of the Berkshire Symphonic Festival at Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

Appointment of Clarence Carter

CLARENCE H. CARTER, Cleveland artist, has been appointed assistant professor of painting and design at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. He will take up his new duties this fall.

Mr. Carter has been superintendent of the Federal Art Project in Cleveland since March, 1937. He was previously instructor at the Cleveland Museum for six years, and has been a consistent winner in their annual exhibitions of work by local artists. He won two mural competitions under the Section of Painting and Sculpture of the Treasury Department Procurement Division—one for the post office at Portsmouth, Ohio, his native town. He also executed two murals for the Public Auditorium in Cleveland under the Public Works of Art Project. His work is owned by the Metropolitan Museum, the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Brooklyn Museum and a number of others.

Found at Samothrace

SO FRUITFUL were three weeks of excavation on the island of Samothrace that New York University's Institute of Fine Arts plans to resume the work next year. The exploratory expedition this summer was under the personal direction of

Dr. Karl Lehmann-Hartleben, Professor of Fine Arts at the University, and was financed by the Institute's Archeological Research Fund.

An important find was an inscription on stone unearthed in the sanctuary of the Cabeiri, which throws new light on this pagan cult whose ideology in some respects resembled Christianity. More interesting to art lovers, however, was the discovery in a river-bed close by of a life-sized female statue of the fifth century B. C. It leads to the hope that a number of major works of art may subsequently be uncovered. The famous *Victory*, now in the Louvre, was found in this vicinity in 1863 and there has been no extensive excavation since that time.

Discovered in the ancient town, which has been deserted for five centuries, were the ruins of a fourth or fifth century Christian church and a monumental Greek building, believed to be a temple. Just outside the walls of the town were found graves of the first and second centuries B. C. All were covered by several layers of roof tile and yielded well preserved glass, clay and bronze vessels, ceramics, votive objects, fragments of sculpture and architecture, as well as several inscriptions. The expedition has already set up a museum to house the objects discovered.

World-Wide Disney

IT HAS BEEN announced that the Courvoisier Art Galleries of San Francisco have contracted with the Walt Disney Studios for world-wide distribution of original art work not only from the motion picture, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, but from all future Disney productions. The pictures will be mounted especially for commercial distribution. They consist of the painted celluloids from which photographs are made to create the finished productions.

To give an idea of the scale of such work, 475,000 paintings were photographed to make the feature-length *Snow White*. However, only 7,000 of them will be put on sale, since many of the action sequences are of no interest as separate units. There has apparently been an overwhelming demand for these celluloids, which go on sale this month and will be distributed through one gallery in each of the large cities here and abroad.

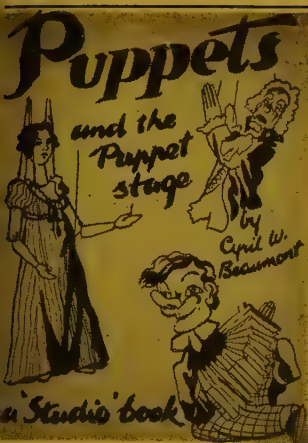
Original paintings from *Pinocchio* and *Bambi*, the next two Disney features, will subsequently be distributed in this manner.

Architecture—Industrial Design

AN INTERESTING new course to be offered in the Columbia University School of Architecture extension classes during the coming winter session is entitled "the architectural approach to industrial design." Richard M. Bennett, who recently came in for considerable publicity as co-winner of the Wheaton College Fine Arts Center competition, and R. B. Snow will act as critics.

Included for the first time will be a course on planning and housing history and theory, including social factors. It will be given by Sir Raymond Unwin, Mr. Carl Feiss and special lecturers. Also included is a course in freehand drawing, paint-

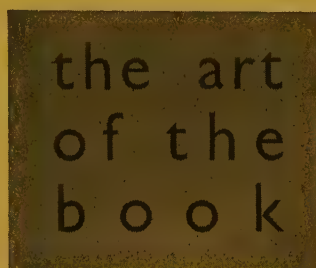
(Continued on page 548)



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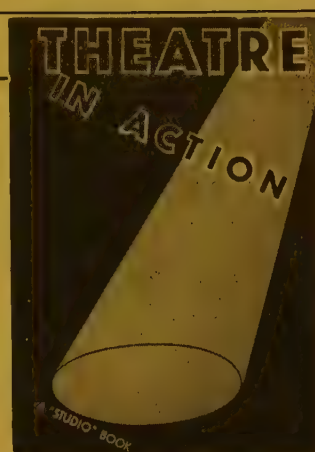
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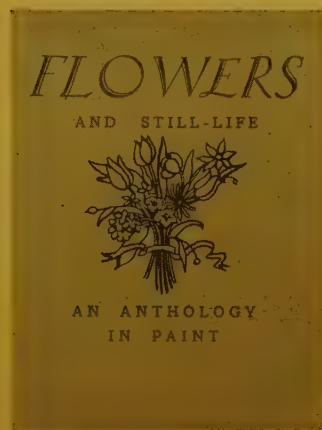
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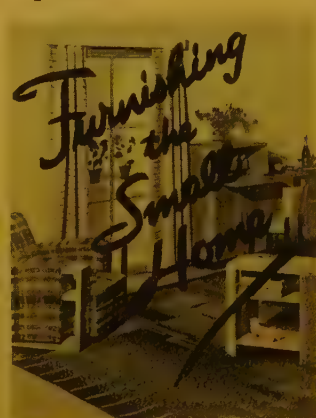


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Above: H. Edward Winter's enamel mural, "Animal Kingdom," in transparent yellow and brown (6 x 7½ feet). Right: Winter's enamel mural, "Helen of Troy," in white and brown on a ruby red background (2½ x 4½ feet). In his first one-man exhibit

ing and sculpture by Professor C. C. Briggs, W. Drewes and Oronzio Maldarelli.

Besides the usual instruction in architectural construction and design extension students are offered courses in estimating, air conditioning, acoustics of buildings, modern materials and urbanism. Full information may be obtained by application to the School of Architecture, Columbia University, New York City.

Technician and Artist

AN EVENT of unusual interest was the first one-man exhibition of decorative enamels by H. Edward Winter, held at the Old White Art Gallery, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, during the latter part of August.

Mr. Winter is the first artist craftsman in this country to modernize the ancient art of enamelling. As a result of his studies in Vienna and subsequent research into technical processes of modern glazing and firing, he has originated a new technic in which powdered glass is applied to the metal (usually copper) and then given a series of firings. By his process Mr. Winter has produced colors of striking clarity, and

achieved a very successful effect of transparency, which in enamel work means that the light penetrates the glaze and reflects the shiny surface of the metal underneath. Also he has been able to master his design patterns and keep the transparent glazes in their desired areas without resorting to wires (used in cloisonné work) or other devices.

Included in the exhibition were six murals in enamel on copper, a number of large decorative plaques, and various



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punch bowls, dinner services, trays and vases. One of the murals, *Animal Kingdom*, comprising twenty-four plaques, received first prize in the mural and decorative class at the Cleveland Museum's twentieth annual exhibition last June. The colors are transparent yellow shaded with brown. While much of his work gives marked evidence of his admiration for classic design, these animal plaques have greater realism and equally good design.

Still in his twenties, Mr. Winter has already gone far and will doubtless go further. He is now at work on the design for a large enamel mural for the U. S. Government Building at the New York World's Fair and is also commissioned to do work for the San Francisco Exposition. A graduate of the Cleveland School of Art, he is now a member of its teaching staff, conducts classes at the Old White Art School during the summer, and is chief designer for the Ferro Enamel Corporation of Cleveland, with which he has been associated for seven years.

World's Fair Americans

GROVER WHALEN, President of the New York World's Fair Corporation, announces that there will be a "nation-wide system of committees of selection, covering every state and reaching into every art center and art colony in the country . . . to insure that every artist, whether he lives in Provincetown or Greenwich Village, Taos or Seattle, Carmel or the French quarters of New Orleans, will have equal chance to

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have his work represented at the Fair. The keynote of the exhibition is to be 'Democracy in Art.'"

We hope this "democracy" will be selective as well as representative, since Mr. Whalen anticipates the receipt of 15,000 works shortly after the first of next year; and from this array 800 will be chosen as the maximum that can be displayed effectively in the exhibition.

Holger Cahill, the director, states that work in all the usual media—oil, water color, tempera, pastel, etc.—will be eligible. Sculpture will include plaques and medals as well as figures in the round and in relief. Under graphic arts will be included all print media in black and white and in color, as well as drawings. The committees on selection will be grouped in six regional divisions. Artists in the New York metropolitan area, or who are represented by dealers or agents there, will present their work to the New York City Committee on Selection. Artists living in other sections will present their work to their regional committees.

"ART FOR THE PUBLIC"

(Continued from page 533)

Entee, Kurt Melzer, Anne Michalov, Edward Millman, Harry Mintz, Archibald J. Motley, Jr., Hester Miller Murray.

Erel Osborn, Peterpaul Ott, Louise Pain, Angela Press, Frederick Remahl, Jacob Richard, Walter Paul Robinson, Felix Schlag, Freeman Schoolcraft, Charles L. Schucker, Lester Schwartz, William S. Schwartz, Charles Sebree, William Earl Singer, Mitchell Siporin, George Melville Smith, Marshall D. Smith, Ethel Spears, William Spiecker, Grace Sponger, John Stenvall, John Stephan.

Archie Thompson, John Thorsen, Morris Topchevsky, Adrian Troy, Mario Ubaldi, Charles Umlauf, James Vail, Joseph Vavak, Emmanuel Viviano, John Walley, Mildred Waltrip, Rudolph Weisenborn, Kenneth Whitley, Douglas Wilson, John Winters, Russell Woeltz and Nicola Ziroti.

ROMUALD KRAUS'S "JUSTICE"

(Continued from page 525)

that no female weighing more than one hundred and eighteen pounds could traditionally represent Justice and then only decently if she carried the time-worn attributes that one could recognize without half looking. One judge, dignified by Federal standing, was quoted by the *Newark Evening News* as emitting the following esthetic criticism to the effect that the "Justice standing with raised arms might be thought to smack of Communism." The quotation continued, "I am old-fashioned enough to stand by the classical conception. I do not see in the statue selected the spirit of Justice but that of ruthless confiscation." I, of course, sympathize with the judge's opinion, for it would take a big man indeed to sit serenely under this bronze Justice and answer the everyday calls made upon the lady.

Another classicist called attention to the plagiaristic similarity between the pose of Kraus's figure and that of a Hellenistic sculpture of an Orant Boy. The recall would, to my mind, add in idea to the figure for the repertoire of human gestures capable of commonly understood expression is limited. Unfortunately, I do not see this derivation any more than one from the *Charioteer* of Delphi, although a resemblance to either might strike one. Kraus, though familiar with the classics has never seen this praying figure. If he had, he would perhaps have changed his conception of Justice.

In the development of the figure in the clay from the model over the past three years, Kraus has tried to avoid the religious connotation which became unintentionally pronounced in some of the variations that the sculptor experimentally tried. You will note in one illustration a variation in which the model leans slightly forward, head inclined and eyes opened. This Kraus discarded after engineering the necessary change in the heavy armature to satisfy his experimental thoroughness. Everyone who freshly saw the figure misinterpreted it. You will note minor changes from the competition model that become significant for the final expression in the finished clay figure. The sculpture did not develop its final form until the last touch of surface clay was in place. In looking at so simplified a figure one could hardly realize that two years of work went into the modeling. Such labor would not pay in the sculpture factory, but for Kraus it was essential in order to develop every volume in its own right in relation to the design.

From the finished model cast in plaster there was the almost mysterious change into the bronze which was the end Kraus had held in mind all the time he worked. Less dramatically but as anxiously as Benvenuto he was on hand for the casting. In the beautiful golden bronze the life of the subtly textured surface and of the form itself finds its eventual medium and resolves itself into the moving figure of Justice. Philosophically, the sculpture becomes active. To the observer it poses a belief and a hope with an implied promise of fulfillment. And because Kraus is a poet as well as a philosopher, one might when standing in front of this figure be moved to think of that passage which begins: "The quality of mercy is not strained; . . ."

ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

(Continued from page 503)

like this. It dries out the moisture in the air." Then again on a cold snowy morning, I surprised him barefoot, in overalls, with the windows wide open. No doubt he wished to relieve the dry air indoors with some moisture from outside. And his mania for collecting useless trifles was growing more childish than ever. He would throw nothing away any more. During an illness, when a woman friend tried to clear away some rubbish, among other things a paper bag with old cheese rinds, he glanced up with an expression of worry and grief, a dumb pleading in his eyes: "Please, do not disturb anything!"

What was there to do! How could a man of his mentality allow himself to be dragged down to the state where he displayed the antics of a crank. At his easel he had the benign power and mighty sweep of a great personality. But why this false note, ludicrous and sad, which caused visitors to smile and shake their heads at the same time. Did he have the notion that a man who could arrange his *own* tree, wave and cloud forms "of serene and mighty motion" was above all material comforts? Perhaps he did; alas, it did not work out the right way with him.

What I wondered at most was his disregard for cleanliness, not in his own person but in his immediate environment. This disdain caused me great anxiety one afternoon. Ryder had asked me to take one of his small canvases, daintily wrapped up, to an art patron whom we both knew. Entering the parlor I triumphantly pointed at the package. "Here it is," I said, and proceeded to open it, but whatever gods there may be defend me—to the great astonishment of everyone I rushed (an act which has never been explained) to the nearest lavatory, locked the door, and there with pen-knife and whatnot, I managed to scrape out and knock off hundreds of pale yellow and reddish brown bugs to be drowned under a generous faucet.

Here some reader may ask: why tell all these things, why not be more discreet? It is just as well to state such "art historical" facts about the life of one of our foremost artists if only to prevent them from recurring. Somebody should have been generous and keensighted enough to change the conditions which produced such deterioration.

Ryder had friends, well-wishers, admirers who were willing to buy his pictures as soon as they were finished. I blame them. We who knew him were somewhat responsible. I perfectly realize how difficult it is to help anyone out of such an abnormal and individual condition. Most people are satisfied to give advice and to make impossible suggestions and when the suffering party does not react enthusiastically, to abandon all further attempts. But what could have been done? Possibly if his art had received earlier recognition he would have had a better studio, more normal surroundings and different associations. Possibly, too, the cognoscenti who purchased the *Flying Dutchman* for only three hundred dollars is most to blame. He could have afforded a thousand, even if he had had to borrow it from his wife. But there was at the time nobody else to take it off the painter's hands, and he was in need of the money.

That's just the point. Art patronage as it is practiced is no patronage. The intangible values of art cannot be measured and handled by ordinary business standards. Patronage demands a friendly interchange, the values being of a different nature, and should be high-minded and munificent. Nor is the true patron's benevolence to be mistaken for charity. That least of all, for the artist always remains the great giver. His horn of plenty is overflowing even if it holds only paint-and-soul stuff. If you really admire a painting as much as you say, see to it that its maker does not starve again.

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SEPTEMBER EXHIBITIONS

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Addison Gallery of American Art: Retrospective Exhibition of the Work of Charles & Maurice Prendergast; Sept. 24-Nov. 6.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Baltimore Museum of Art: Labor in Art; Sept. 6-30.

Walters Art Gallery: French Academic & Official Painters of the 19th Century. English Landscape & Portrait Painters.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Montgomery Museum of Fine Arts: Exhibition of Photography.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Museum of Fine Arts: Paintings of Barbizon School. American Water Colors. Work by Pupils in the Museum Classes.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Brooklyn Museum: Complete Graphic Works of Paul Gauguin; to Oct. 2. Costumes & Settings for the Dance; to Sept. 18. Color Prints by WPA artists.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Albright Art Gallery: Paintings, Murals and Masks from Children's Summer Classes.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Art Institute of Chicago: Work by Federal Art Project of Illinois; to Oct. 9. Miniature Rooms; to Oct. 1. Sculpture by Sylvia Shaw Judson; to Oct. 9. 200 Years of French Color Prints; to Nov. 1. Etchings by Jacques Callot; to Nov. 1. Drawings from Gurley Memorial Collection; to Oct. 3.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cleveland Museum of Art: Colonial & Early 19th Century Painting, Celebrating 150th Anniversary of Founding Northwest Territory. Medieval Wood Sculpture & Rakka Pottery. Inaugural Exhibition, New Print Gallery; to Oct. 3.

DENVER, COLORADO

Denver Art Museum: Work by Artists West of the Mississippi.

EASTHAMPTON, NEW YORK

Guildhall: Sculpture by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Oils by Jane Peterson & Edmund Greacen. Handwrought Jewelry by N. Y. Society of Craftsmen.

GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Gloucester Society of Artists: 2nd Exhibition; to Sept. 12.

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Neville Public Museum: Color Block Prints of Mexico by Glenn & Treva Weete; to Sept. 10.

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

Washington County Museum of Fine Arts: Selected Paintings from the Singer Collection.

HONOLULU, HAWAII

Honolulu Academy of Arts: Oceanic Art.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Kansas City Art Institute: Exhibition of Student Work.

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery: Swedish Prints; Sept. 15-28.

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Laguna Beach Art Association: 20th Anniversary Prize Exhibition.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Museum: Water Colors by Kay Nielsen; to Sept. 10. Lithographs by Clara Mairs; to Sept. 20. Prehistoric Rock Pictures from Frobenius Collection; to Sept. 20.

MADISON, WISCONSIN

The Wisconsin Union: Posters by E. McKnight Kauffer; Sept. 13-30.

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Currier Gallery: Oils & Water Colors by Contemporary American Artists; to Sept. 26.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT

Southern Vermont Artists Association: Annual Exhibition.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Newark Art Museum: International Exhibition of Toys, Dolls & Games. Arts of India & Persia. American Folk Paintings.

NEW YORK CITY

A. C. A. Gallery: 52 W. 8 St.: Paintings Dedicated to the New Deal; to Sept. 11. Group Show; Sept. 12-26.

Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: Painting & Sculpture by Members National Association of Women Painters & Sculptors.

Babcock Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Oils & Water Colors by American Artists.

Boyer Galleries, 69 E. 57 St.: Contemporary American Painting & Sculpture.

Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57 St.: Nocturnes; Sept. 19-Oct. 8.

Delphic Studios, 44 W. 56 St.: Hispanic-American Salon; Sept. 6-Oct. 1.

Durand-Ruel, Inc., 12 E. 57 St.: Paintings by French Artists.

Federal Art Gallery, 225 W. 57 St.: Exhibition of Work by New York & New Jersey Artists; to Sept. 8. Photography.

Frederick Keppel & Co., 71 E. 57 St.: Contemporary Etchings; to Sept. 15.

M. Knoedler, Inc., 14 E. 57 St.: Selected Paintings; to Oct. 1.

Kleemann Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings by American Artists; to Sept. 15.

Kraushaar Galleries, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings & Water Colors by American Artists.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5th Ave. & 82 St.: Three Centuries of French Domestic Silver. Designs for French Silver; to Sept. 19. Italian Baroque Prints.

Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave.: Paintings by Margit Varga; Sept. 13-30. Group Exhibition.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Selected Paintings by American Artists; to Sept. 30.

Morton Galleries, 130 W. 57 St.: Water Colors; Sept. 20-Oct. 18.

Municipal Art Galleries, 2 E. 67 St.: Work by New York Artists; to Sept. 12.

Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 49 St.: Prints by Rouault. Photographs of America by Walker Evans; Sept. 19-Oct. 24.

New York Public Library, 5th Ave. & 42 St.: Artists of Aloofness; to Nov. 30. Recent Additions to the Print Collection.

Georgette Passedoit Gallery, 121 E. 57 St.: Paintings by A. Mark Datz; Sept. 26-Oct. 15.

Perls Galleries, 32 E. 58 St.: Modern French Paintings.

F. K. M. Rehn Gallery, 683 5th Ave.: Paintings & Water Colors by American Artists.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive: Contemporary American Art.

Studio Guild, 730 5th Ave.: Members Fall Exhibition; Sept. 6-17. Preview of American Art Week; Sept. 19-Oct. 1.

Walker Galleries, 108 E. 57 St.: Water Colors by Milford Zornes; Sept. 19-Oct. 8.

Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave.: Selected Prints & Drawings.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

Oakland Art Gallery: Sculpture by Raymond Puccinelli.

OLD LYME, CONNECTICUT

Lyne Art Gallery: Members Exhibition; to Sept. 25.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Berkshire Museum: "Problems of Today"—Paintings by New York Artists.

PORTLAND, OREGON

Portland Art Museum: Paintings by Max Beckmann; Sept. 18-Oct. 18.

ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

Rockport Art Association: 18th Annual Exhibition; to Sept. 7.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

California State Library: Prints by Benjamin & Howell Brown.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

City Art Museum: Hispano-Moresque Art.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

St. Paul School of Art: Modern Primitives of Paris; Sept. 1-Oct. 7.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

California Palace of the Legion of Honor: American Silverware. Paintings by Leon Kroll; to Sept. 11. Sculpture by Brents Carlton. Paintings by Rinaldo Cuneo; from Sept. 12.

Paul Elder Gallery: Paintings by Augusta Rathbone; Sept. 5-26.

San Francisco Museum of Art: Sculptures by Vera Bernhard. Paintings by Margery Nahl; to Sept. 14. Annual Graphic Show, San Francisco Art Association; to Sept. 18.

SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA

Henry E. Huntington Library & Art Gallery: Architectural Drawings by Thomas Jefferson; to Sept. 15.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Seattle Art Museum: Persian Art. Drawings by Hokusai. Japanese Paintings. Venetian Paintings from Kress Collection; Sept. 1-21.

SILVERMINE, CONNECTICUT

Silvermine Guild of Artists: Members Show; to Sept. 19.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Springfield Museum of Fine Arts: Sculpture by Anna Hyatt Huntington.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Berkshire Playhouse: Work by Local Artists; Sept. 9-25.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Toledo Museum: 6th International Exhibition of Lithography & Wood Engraving. Guatemalan Exhibition of Textiles & Costumes.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

National Collection of Fine Arts (Smithsonian Institution): Architectural Exhibition of Representative Buildings of the Post-War Period Assembled by the American Institute of Architects. Lent by American Federation of Arts.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Delaware Art Center: Hungarian Graphic Arts; to Sept. 18.

Worcester Art Museum: Selection of American Painting from the Study Collections.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Art Institute: Water Colors by Katherine Calvin. Group Show of American Water Colors from Walker Galleries.

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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

National Headquarters: BARR BUILDING, WASHINGTON